# SCREENLAND ★

ICC

July 15¢

*Lana Turner and Clark Gable*

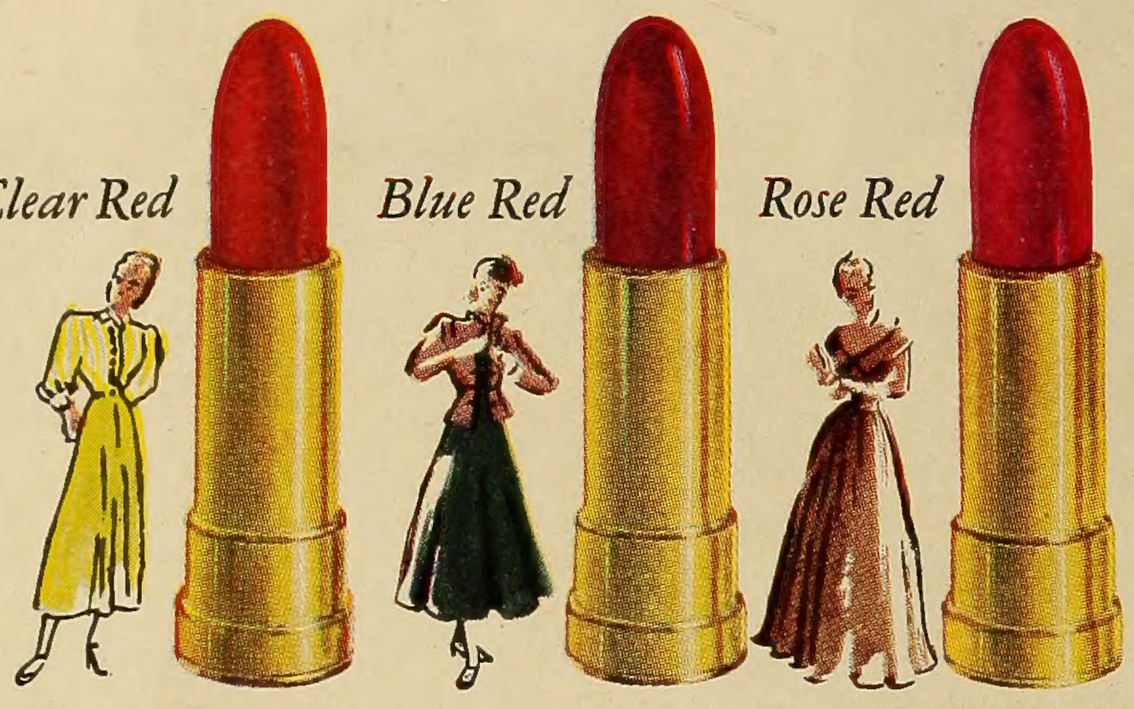
TURNER ★ CLARK GABLE in "Homecoming" Fictionized

★ Peter Lawford ★ Jane Russell ★

Howard Duff ★ Bob Hope

# "Here's the Lipstick that has Everything!"

5
Publisher's Bind.




EVELYN KEYES
*in Columbia's*
"THE MATING OF MILLIE"

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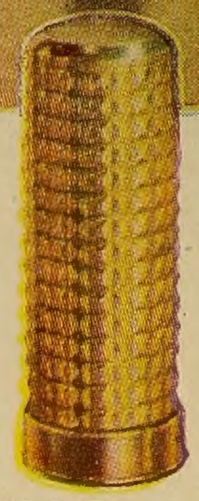


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# Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

**At the first blush of womanhood** many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

**There is nothing "wrong"** with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

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**Don't be half-safe.** During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

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# SCREENLAND

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On Our Cover: CLARK GABLE and LANA TURNER, co-stars of MGM's romance, "Homecoming."

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ANNE BAXTER · JOHN HODIAK

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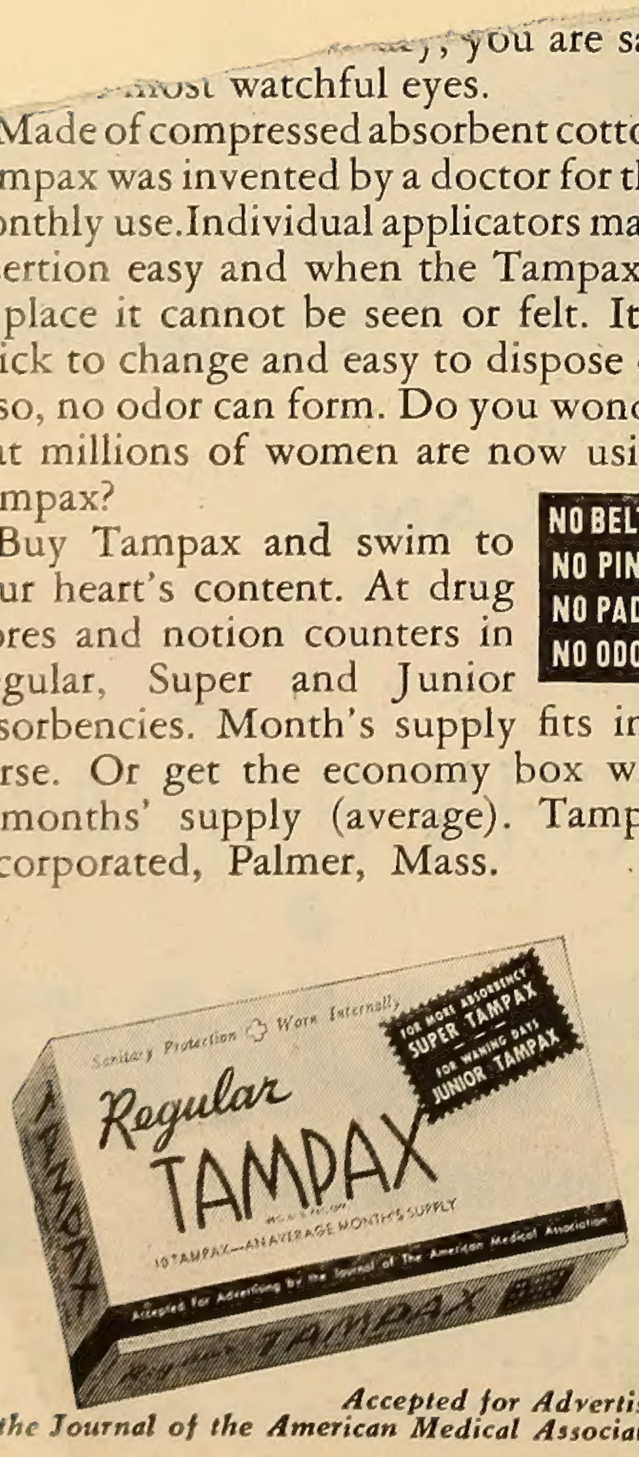
And look what's coming! Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade" M-G-M Musical in Technicolor, Starring Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Peter Lawford, Ann Miller.

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# GOSSIP Hot from Hollywood

IT ISN'T a romance (we're sorry to say) but when Tyrone Power flew his own plane to Sun Valley, Ann Sothern was sitting right there beside him. At a Hollywood party, Ty happened to say he was making the trip to do location scenes for "That Wonderful Urge." Ann went into ecstacy over her favorite resort. As a result of Ty's wonderful urging, she went along for the ride and came back on the train.

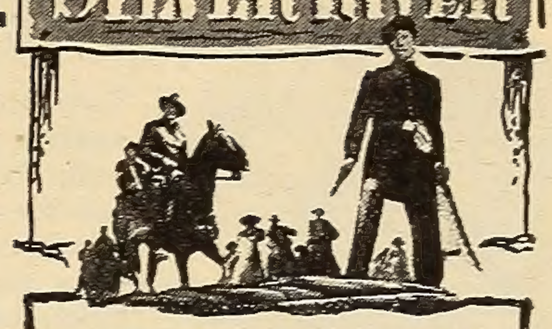
AT LONG last "The Fountainhead" is coming to the screen. Lauren Bacall is supposed to play opposite Gary Cooper (whom authoress Ayn Rand had in mind when she wrote the book) Barbara Stanwyck is rumored to be pouting because *she* isn't. But the beautiful dark horse in the running is an enthusiastic Garbo. Here's hoping!

THAT belated honeymoon of the Van Johnsons is *still* belated. The day their boat docked in Honolulu, a cable from MGM ordered him to report immediately for "Command Decision." They took the next plane back. Van suffered all the way from hay fever, caused by leis from friendly Hawaiians.

# Between the Perilous Gold of California and the Blazing Lead of Missouri lies



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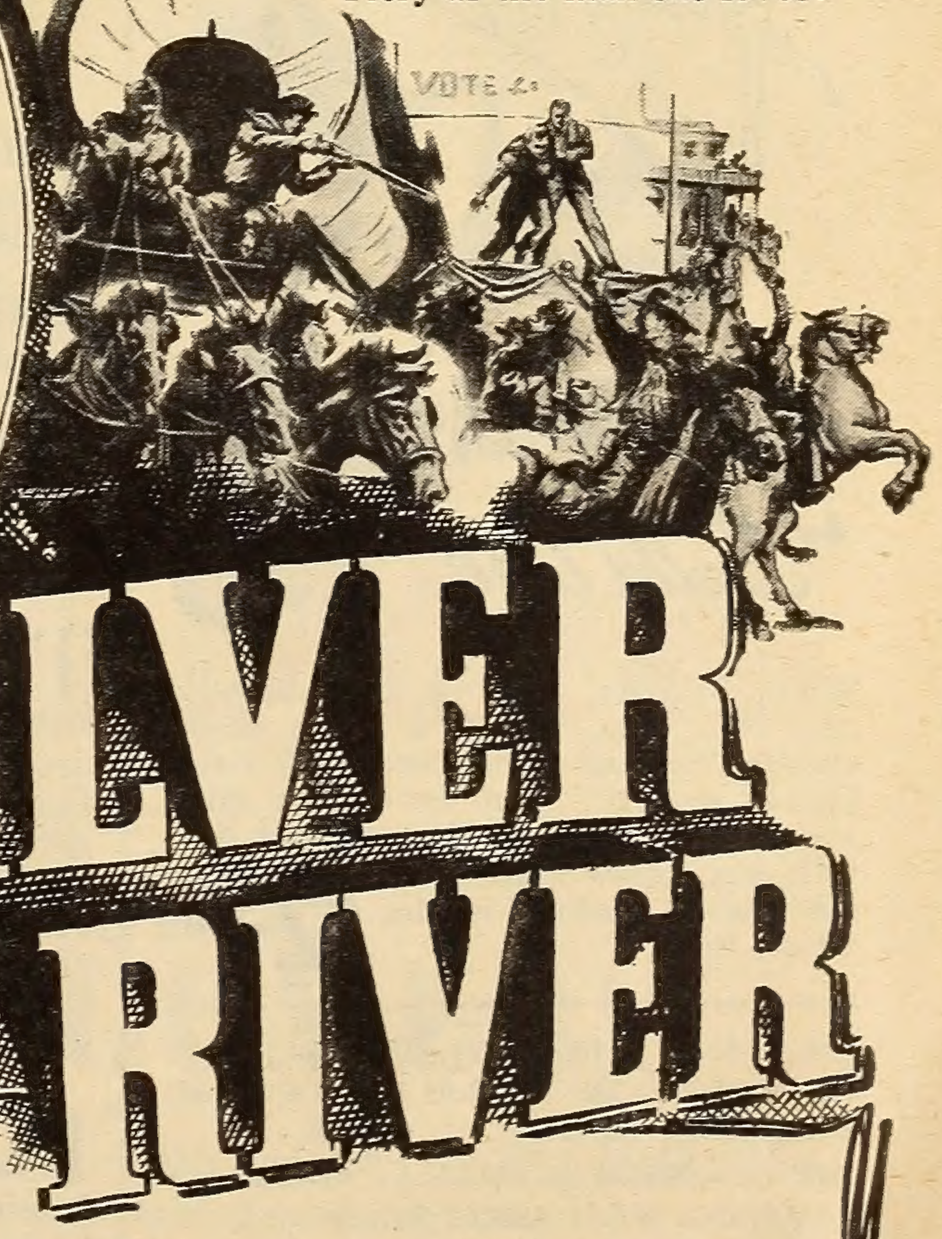
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Lynn Bari and Marie MacDonald gaily chat woman-talk behind the ostrich feather fan, while Sid Luft, Lynn's husband, is an interested watcher. Are the days of fan coquetry coming back?



Leo "The Lip" Durocher, Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is still a favorite with Brooklyn baseball fans, now in the throes of yelling their home team to victory. Laraine Day Durocher comes in for a large share of the fans' affection, too.

THE sweetest romance in all of Hollywood is that of Ann Blyth and Lon McCallister. They take turns—one week Lon treats Ann's aunt and uncle for dinner, the following week Ann treats Lon's mother and grandmother. On Saturday night the kids whoop it up with Elizabeth Taylor, Johnny Sands, Janie Powell and Roddy McDowall—seldom at night clubs, unless it's a special occasion.

THE Cornel Wildes are so happy these days they've taken the "For Sale" sign off their house. They have a new decorator, too, named Dusty Anderson. In private life the former model is married to Jean Negulesco, who's directing Cornel and Ida Lupino in "Road House." Jean invited the Wildes for dinner one night. They took one look at the Negulesco home and the next day Mrs. N. was in the decorating business.

IN "BLOOD on the Moon," Barbara Bel Geddes plays a gun-totin' pioneer heroine—a far cry from her own city background. On location she kept in practice by firing out into the sage brush. One day Bob Mitchum found a dead rabbit, and as a gag congratulated Barbara on her expert marksmanship. She took one look, and the "hard-boiled" daughter of the prairies burst into tears!

NOTICE to Peter Lawford, Philip Reed, Rod Cameron, and the rest of you eager beavers who would like to date Shelley Winters. She'll turn you down, and for a very good reason. His name is John Ireland, who was formerly under contract to 20th Century, and he's number one on Shelley's preferred list. Better luck next time, boys!

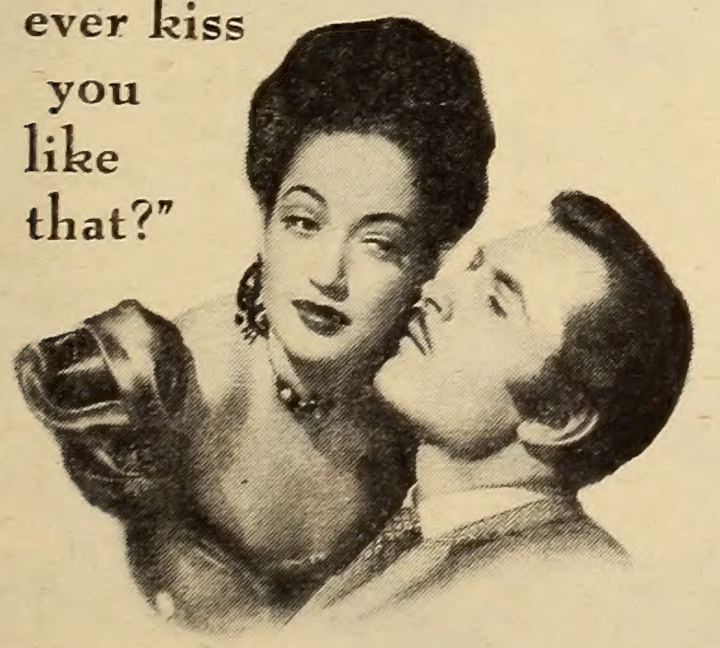
MISS Margaret O'Brien was in a junior-sized rage! It seems a local columnist referred to her as being 13. Miss Maggie has lived all of 10 years and definitely doesn't want to be relegated to the teen-age ranks just yet.

JOAN Crawford and Greg Bautzer *may* be in love. They *may* even marry. One thing is definite, Joan hasn't lost her sense of humor. Recently she ordered a pair of sports sandals for her boy friend. To get the correct size, she was instructed to trace a pencil around his feet, while he stood on a plain piece of white paper. Joan couldn't find a piece big enough—so she used the back of one of her own photographs. *Love* that girl!

Men
called it
"Lulu Belle
fever"...



"...doesn't your sweetheart ever kiss you like that?"



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# DOROTHY LAMOUR

as

# *Lulu Belle*

co-starring

# GEORGE MONTGOMERY

with

Albert DEKKER • Otto KRUGER • Glenda FARRELL • Greg McCLURE

Screenplay by Everett Freeman • Additional Dialogue by Karl Kamb

Based upon the play by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon, produced by David Belasco

Directed by LESLIE FENTON

A BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTION

COLUMBIA PICTURES




Stronger Grip




Won't Slip Out




ASK FOR DeLong Everytime


Judy Clark is the gal in Guy Madison's arms, but it's still Gail Russell who visits him on set of "Texas, Heaven and Brooklyn," now shooting at United Artists.





A trim Dottie Lamour in black and white, with her husband, Bill Howard III, tries out some of Cobina Wright's wonderful canapes at one of her recent parties.

QUITE obviously those rumors linking the names of Danny Kaye and Eve Arden were just that. The day the Kayes formally announced their reconciliation, Danny, his wife Sylvia, and Eve all had lunch together. Danny's recent conquest of London is still thrilling all who know him. Incidentally, he reports that actors in France prefer to be paid in food instead of money. Wonder if our own "hams" realize how lucky they are?

DURING a conversation with Lassie's trainer, Red Skelton learned the famous canine star was about to get a vacation. "Where are you taking him?" quipped that mean lil ole MGM kid, "to the giant Redwood Forest?"

AN OLD baby-naming epidemic is sweeping over Hollywood. Everyone thought Schuyler Van was a strange choice for Van Johnson's little daughter. Now the John Beals have named their second girl Tandy. (No relation to Tandy bar!) Topping them all, Robert Ryan's new son will be christened Cheney Cadwalader Ryan. Thank heaven, John Payne and Gloria de Haven are calling their new baby boy good old-fashioned Thomas.

IT WAS Barbara Lawrence's 18th birthday. When she walked into the studio commissary and requested a table, she *really* got one! There were fifty people sitting around it, invited by her mother. Funniest gag present came from Rex Harrison. Barbara, who's been married to Johnny Fontaine since she was 17, unwrapped an old pistol. "Now you can shoot your school teacher," cracked sexy Rexy.



*Photos by Len Weissman*

Irene Dunne takes time out between courses at dinner with husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, to sign autograph. Irene's latest picture, "I Remember Mama," is winning audience approval.




IF YOU'RE UNDER 21

(or over)

and like to play house, see MR. BLANDINGS & HIS DREAM HOUSE (some people call it his love nest . . . others, "the funniest picture of the year")

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IN

# "MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE"

**Produced and Written for the Screen by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank • Directed by H. C. Potter • An RKO Radio Production • A Selznick Release**

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# Your guide to CURRENT FILMS



Ingrid Bergman's versatility is unlimited in Enterprise's "Arch of Triumph," co-starring Charles Boyer in a magnificent rôle

## Arch of Triumph

***U. A.—Enterprise***

The picture based on the best-seller by Erich Maria Remarque ought to be better, but it doesn't matter because of the stars' extraordinary performances. There seems to be no limit to Ingrid Bergman's versatility. In this film she's the moody, frightened but often gay young woman who's loved by a pre-World War II Austrian refugee surgeon (Charles Boyer) in Paris, whom she never ceases to love but to whom she cannot be true because he has no security to offer her. Her characterization is perfect, and only she could overcome some of the unfortunate dialogue. Boyer combines passion and tenderness, compassion and ruthlessness as no other contemporary actor can. He has, there's no doubt after this picture,



Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in MGM's political satire, "The State of the Union."



Talent of U-I's "Another Part of the Forest": Fredric March, Dan Duryea, Ann Blyth.




the most mobile face on the screen. Louis Calhern, too, gives a notable portrayal of a colorful ex-Czarist colonel, now a nightclub doorman, Boyer's close friend.

### The State of the Union
*MGM*

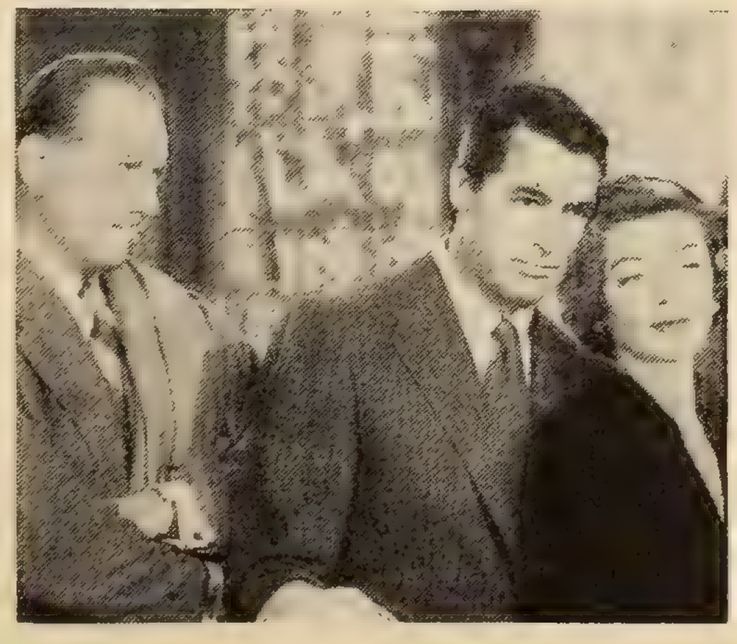
The hit play by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay has lost none of its wit and biting political satire by its transfer to the screen. Spencer Tracy portrays the plane manufacturer who's drafted for presidential nomination by an ambitious and influential woman publisher who loves him. All kinds of people try to swell his head and corrupt him to achieve their individual purpose, except his estranged wife (Katharine Hepburn), who knows he's essentially humane and honest. The screenplay pulls no punches in exposing behind-the-scene political maneuvering, and the dialogue is well-nigh courageous. Tracy is allowed to make some strong speeches in favor of world unity and other timely problems. All the players are just about perfect. Angela Lansbury gives a striking performance as the sophisticated, beautifully dressed publisher; and it's doubtful if Van Johnson, as her ace reporter, could be improved. This picture adds immensely to the screen's maturity.

### Another Part of the Forest
*Universal-International*

Not since "The Little Foxes" have more hateful and hating people been depicted on the screen, nor as effectively. Also based on a Lillian Hellman play, it's the story of a Southern family, whose head (Fredric March) is the most hated man in town because of his black market activities during the Civil War. Hatred permeates the entire family: his daughter (Ann Blyth) dislikes both her brothers (Edmond O'Brien and Dan Duryea), and the latter dislike each other. Each plays one against another and finally the oldest boy blackmails his father into signing everything over to him, then disowns the rest of the family, including his own mother, splendidly played by Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March). It's not a pretty picture but the characterizations and production are excellent.

### Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House
*RKO—Selznick*

Here's a picture that will tickle everybody's fancy, especially the city slickers



Melvyn Douglas, Cary Grant and Myrna Loy in "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House."



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(Set A.) Esther Williams, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney, June Allyson, Barbara Bel Geddes, Ingrid Bergman, Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell, Ava Gardner, Paulette Goddard, Betty Grable, Susan Hayward, Gloria Jean, Evelyn Keyes, Donna Reed, and Helen Walker.

(Set B.) Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, Humphrey Bogart, Rory Calhoun, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Tom Drake, Errol Flynn, Glenn Ford, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Guy Madison, Larry Parks, Robert Taylor, Cornel Wilde.

(Set C.) Gregory Peck, Shirley Temple, Peter Lawford, Perry Como, Dan Duryea, Alan Ladd, Frank Sinatra, Richard Widmark, June Allyson, Ingrid Bergman, Linda Darnell, Joan Fontaine, Katherine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Esther Williams, and Michael North.

(Set D.) Rita Hayworth, Esther Williams, Betty Grable, Lynn Bari, Lucille Bremer, Ann Blythe, Marguerite Chapman, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne De Carlo, Gloria De Haven, Cathy Downs, Dale Evans, Jinx Falkenburg, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Gale Storm.

(Set E.) Roy Rogers, "Wild" Bill Elliott, Gene Autry, Don "Red" Barry, Bobby Blake, Bill "Hop-along" Boyd, Johnny Mack Brown, Sunset Carson, Buster Crabbe, Kirby Grant, Monte Hale, Gabby Hayes, Tim Holt, Allan Lane, Al LaRue, Tom Mix.

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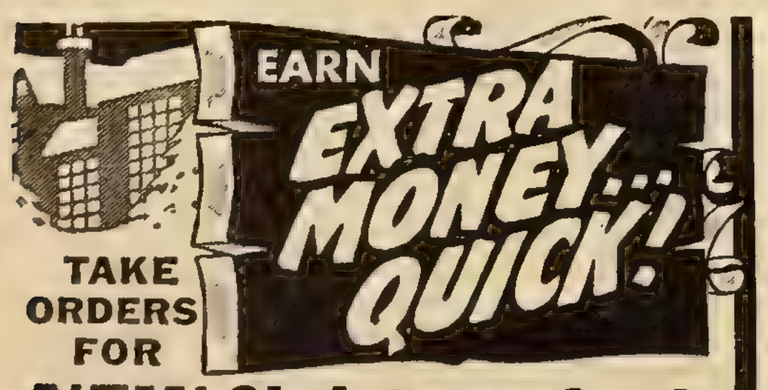



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who have built a country house or watched someone do it. Many of the incidents and much of the hilarious dialogue will strike a familiar chord. *Mr. Blandings* (Cary Grant at his best) gets sick and tired of a crowded city apartment where his wife (Myrna Loy as the perfect frau again) hogs the closets and his two children jam the bathroom. A newspaper ad lures him to a slick real estate operator who sells him a supposedly historic old house, despite many warnings. When he starts remodeling, he finds it's bursting at the seams, has to be razed and replaced by a new one. Before it's finished the *Blandings* are quarreling, *Mrs. B.* gets somewhat compromised with their family friend and lawyer (delightfully played by Melvyn Douglas), *Mr. B.* is practically bankrupt and almost loses his job as well as his mind. But it's all very, very funny.

### Romance on the High Seas

***Warner Bros.***

This is a perfect example of how a flimsy story can become a really good film due to excellent performances and skilled direction by Michael Curtiz. It's about a young married couple (Janis Paige and Don DeFore) who suspects each other of infidelity and set about to spy on the other only to find out they're all wrong. The detective (Jack Carson), whom the husband hires, meets the girl (Doris Day), whom the wife hires to impersonate her, and there ensues a really amusing case of mistaken identities and true romance, involving Oscar Levant, too. Everybody concerned is far better than average, but none more than newcomer Doris Day, a nightclub singer who made the Hit Parade. Not only has she a female Frank Sinatra voice, but she's beautiful and a totally different type of comedienne. She can also wear ultra clothes, as does Janis Paige—all designed by Milo Anderson.

### So This Is New York

***U. A.—Enterprise***

Henry Morgan of the radio is the star of this picture, which it's hard to believe is his first. He's not funny in the popular sense of the word, but his masterful timing and tongue-in-cheek narration turn what could have been a mediocre story into a hilarious satire. It's all about what happens to a couple of small towners in New York City after World War I. When Henry's wife (Virginia Grey) and her sister *Kate* (Dona Drake) inherit some money, they bully him into leaving South Bend for New York in quest of a suitable husband for *Kate*. The situations are funny, but not half as funny as Morgan's glib comments make them.

### The Strawberry Roan

***Columbia***

Gene Autry fans and horse lovers will delight in Gene's first Technicolor picture. The lad looks well in color, and the film has some must-be-seen-to-believe shots of a magnificent wild roan stallion (Champion) galloping on the colorful plains of Texas. The story revolves around Champ, who unwittingly injures



**Eddie Albert and Gale Storm play Indians for a scene in Allied Artists' "The Dude Goes West."**



**Gene Autry's first Technicolor film for Columbia: "The Strawberry Roan," with Gloria Henry.**



**Henry Morgan's glib chatter puts Enterprise's "So This Is New York" in hilarious satire class.**

the son of Gene's boss but makes up for it after Gene has nursed and trained him. There's a cute love story between Champ and Sweetheart, the mare belonging to Gene's leading lady, Gloria Henry. Their colt will undoubtedly elicit feminine oh's and ah's.

### The Dude Goes West

***Allied Artists***

A competent cast is wasted on the old story about the Easterner, this time a gunsmith (Eddie Albert), who goes West to make good, and does. En route he meets a girl (Gale Storm) who's carrying the coveted map of her late father's gold mine. They meet up with some pretty tough hombres, including the town's strong woman (Binnie Barnes), but our hero outsmarts and outshoots 'em all, with some help from his pal, James Glea-

son. There's nothing much any of these players could do with this.

### Berlin Express
***RKO***

Certain aspects of Germany as it is now are made fairly clear in a film about postwar Berlin and Frankfurt, and the struggle there of right over wrong. It concerns a German statesman (Paul Lukas), who's working with the Allies on a plan to unify his country, and his devoted secretary (Merle Oberon), who enlists the aid of four young men, (Robert Ryan), from America (Charles Korvin), France, England and Russia, to help her find her boss after he's been



Robert Ryan and Merle Oberon in exciting search of Nazi underground in RKO's "Berlin Express."

abducted by the Nazi underground. During the search, they find they are all human beings and very much alike, despite differences of nationalities and creeds. The key photographic shots were made right on the spot, giving an authentic note and local color to this very interesting picture.

### Anna Karenina
***20th Century-Fox***

Although this film isn't quite as good as most of us expect when Vivien Leigh is the star, it's a true portrait of the times and customs author Leo Tolstoy wrote about. The story is in the sombre mood of the Russian literature of the past century. Anna Karenina is a society lady, circa 1875, who falls in love with a very young man (Kieron Moore) and gives up all for him. Miss Leigh is as

*(Please turn to page 65)*




It Whispers Lovely Things About You

*Evening in Paris*



Perfume 75c to $12.50

Eau de Cologne 65c to $1.50

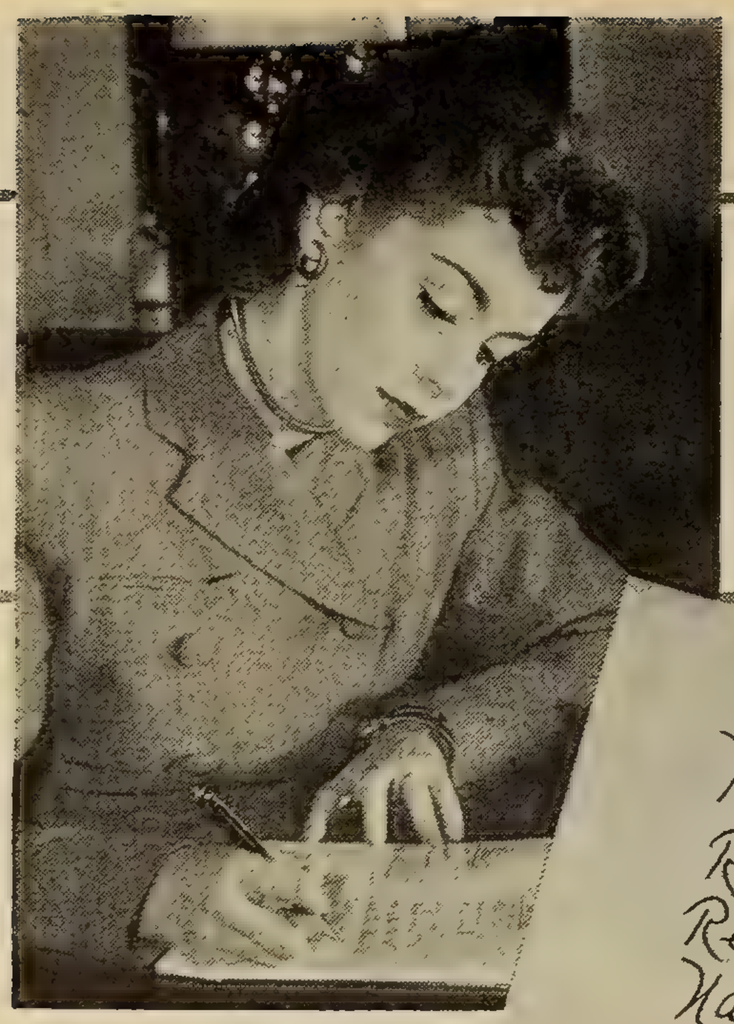
Bath Powder $1.25

*All Prices Plus Tax*

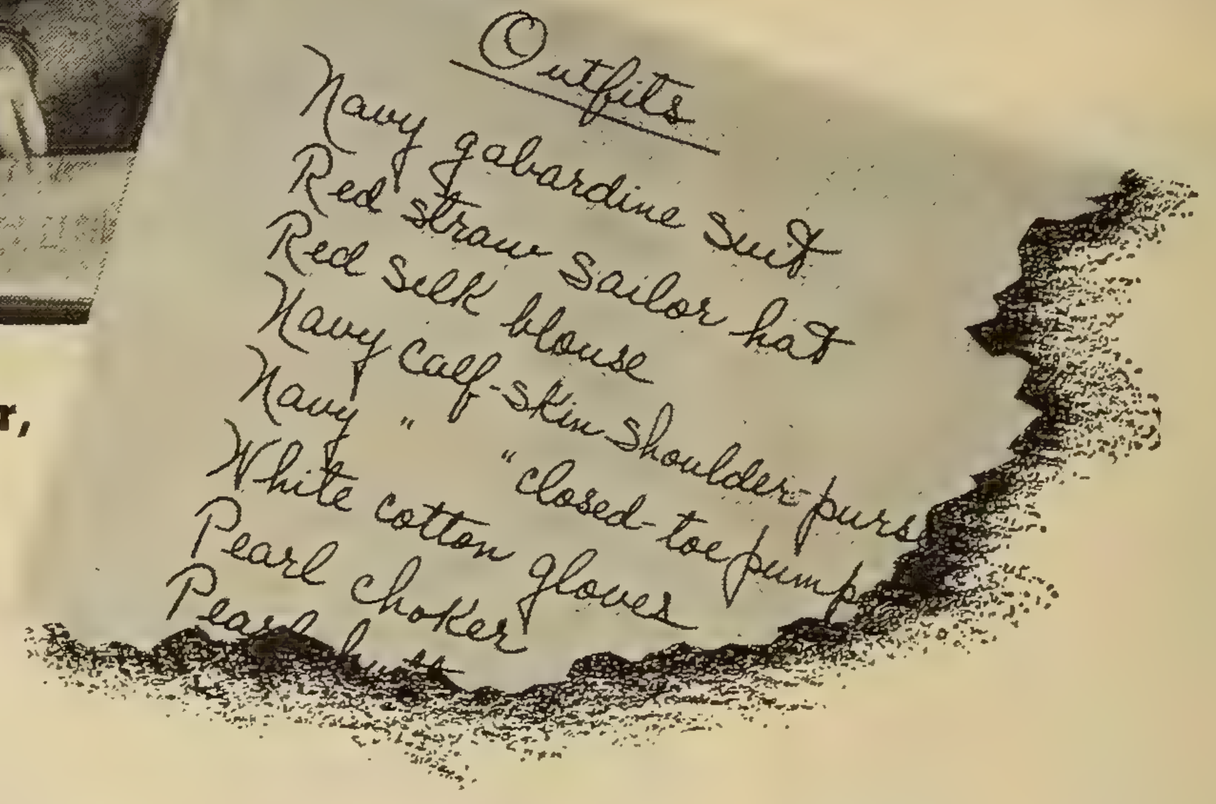
MORE SWIFTLY than the eye, more clearly than the spoken word, this sweet and gentle fragrance tells the story of your charm. None can forget its haunting perfume . . . nor resist the appeal of the one who wears it.

BOURJOIS

Marsha Hunt, screen-stage star, next to be seen in Eagle Lion's "Raw Deal," is planning her travel wardrobe on paper.



# Travel Orders




**An experienced traveler, Marsha Hunt talks on appearance, packing, poise**

## Courtenay Marvin

THIS is the time for going places—for week-ends or for weeks. It's the time for a trip, a tour, a cruise, for seeing old friends and new places. In fact, midsummer is the most casually social of all seasons. And to look your best, to feel your best, to play the rôle of the experienced traveler means double joy from these bright days.

But the preparation for a trip is a chore to most, so to ease the pain of packing and help you present your prettiest self at journey's end, I sought out Marsha Hunt for timely suggestions. Miss Hunt, now co-starring in the Broadway play, "Joy to the World," a gay jibe at Hollywood, recently finished the forthcoming picture, "Raw Deal," for Eagle Lion, and so she is particularly conscious of what it means to jump across the United States, bag and baggage, on short notice.

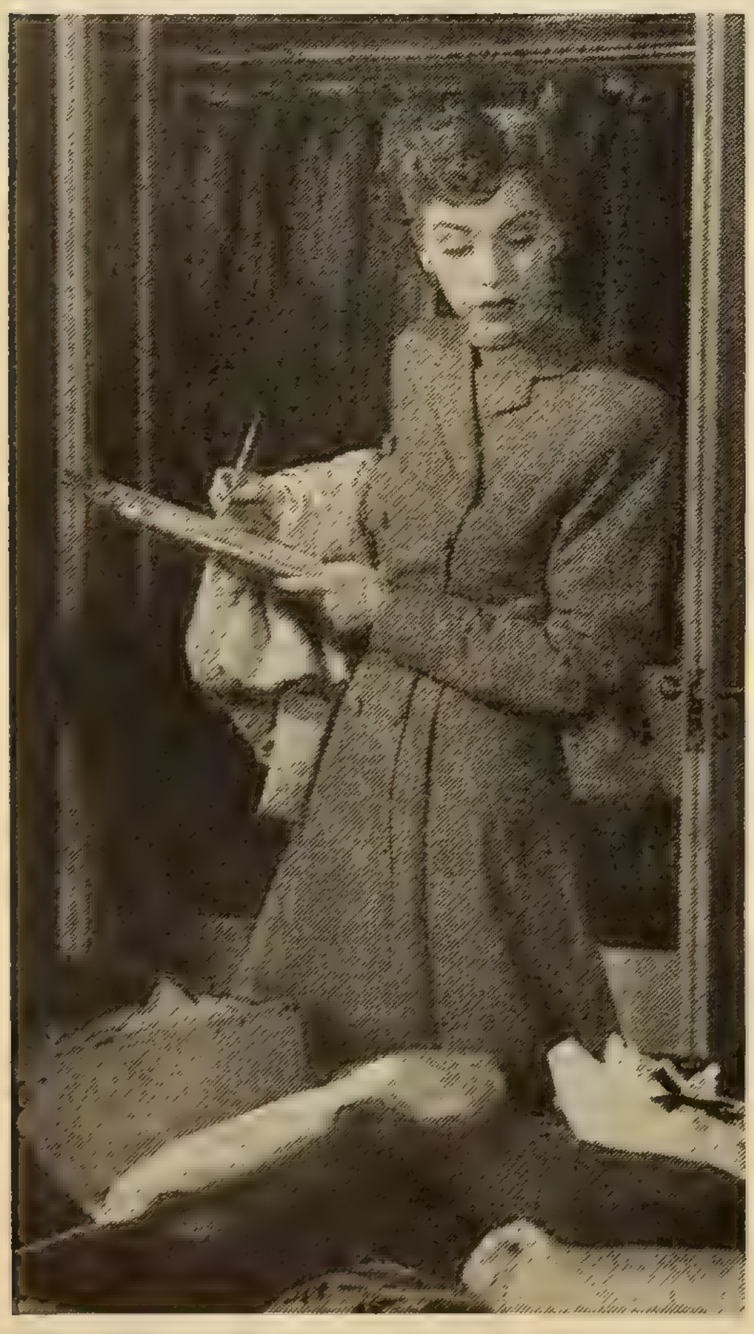
I met Miss Hunt backstage of the Plymouth Theater. A rehearsal was in progress, and the command for silence was passed along, but we found seclusion in her dressing-room. Petite, pretty, with blue-gray eyes, a piquant face, auburn-lighted hair, she laughed at the purpose of my call.

"I'm probably the world's worst packer," she said reflectively, launching into ideas that immediately proved the opposite. "I work from a list," she said. "I list everything I need to take. Then I list each costume with its accessories. It takes a little time and thought, but it's worth it. I keep my lists before me as I pack. And I go into seclusion for the packing, itself. This usually takes place the night before a trip, and at times I've stayed up all night at the job. But I try to do this only when I know that next day I can rest completely in train or plane.

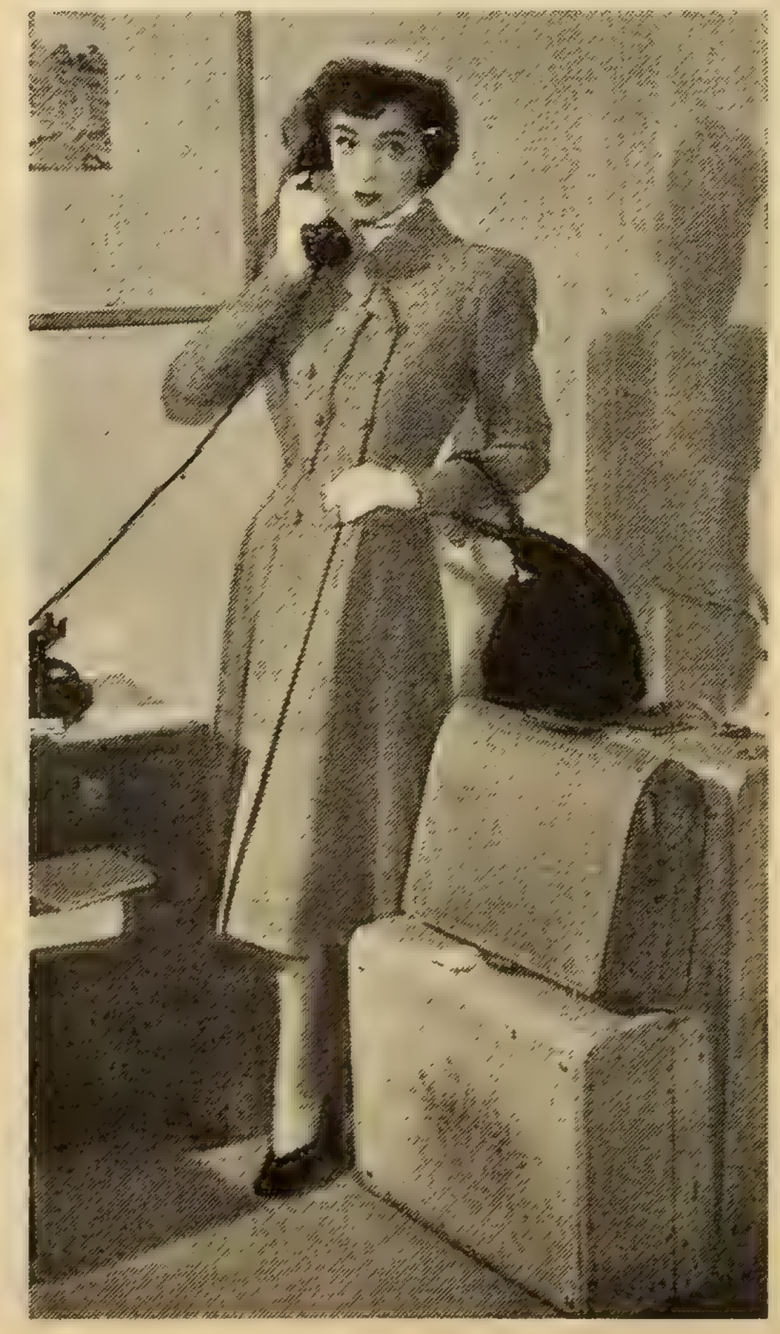
"Clothing and toilet articles for immediate use go into an over-night bag. For the traveler with one bag only, these should go on top. I avoid large jars and bottles by raiding the bathroom medicine cabinet. There, I usually find small editions of containers, and with medicine dropper and knife the transfer of lotions and creams is quickly made. For home use, I buy large sizes of creams and so on.

"In travel, I use a slight makeup. I find one looks nicer and fresher this way. Motion often makes a thorough job difficult, and it's better to look sweet and natural than badly done. A lip brush is particularly helpful, because the hand can steady it against motion and get a better lipline than with lipstick alone.

"Hair is a problem to many, especially in berths. My (*Please turn to page* 57)



Is everything there? wonders Marsha. If not, her businesslike plan will quickly check her. A real idea, this. The experienced traveler makes sure—checks reservation, departure time and other information before her take-off.



*It can happen here*



## . . . ALL TOO EASILY!

Ugly flakes and scales that cloud the highlights of your hair . . . a telltale shower on clothes, brush and comb . . . colonies of germs on your scalp!

They may mean infectious dandruff which is so easy to "catch" . . . so hard to get rid of.

Don't let this troublesome condition get a head start. There's a simple, easy, delightful precaution which has become a weekly "must" with countless fastidious women. It is Listerine Antiseptic and massage. If you prize the health of your scalp and the good looks of your hair, use Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. And, if infection has already started, use it even oftener.

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a wonderfully cooling antiseptic bath . . . kills germs by millions, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale). This is the germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how wonderfully refreshed and healthy your scalp feels . . . how much fresher your hair looks.

Remember, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
*St. Louis, Missouri*



**Telltale Flakes**

They are often Nature's warning . . may be the first symptoms of distressing, embarrassing, infectious dandruff! Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic regularly . . . an easy, delightful way to help keep your scalp healthy, your hair beautiful!



The "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
(Pityrosporum ovale

**Meet the Villain!**

Many dermatologists agree that the nasty little germ (P. ovale) is a causative agent of ugly infectious dandruff. This tough, stubborn "bottle bacillus" is hard to kill but . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills it and hosts of other germs!





**Before Every Shampoo,**

douse your hair and scalp thoroughly with Listerine Antiseptic. Massage vigorously. Listerine Antiseptic not only kills germs, but leaves your scalp refreshed, tingling clean and cool! As an added precaution against infection, wash comb and brush with Listerine Antiseptic, also.

**for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF • LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

• *Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of the NEW Listerine TOOTH PASTE?*



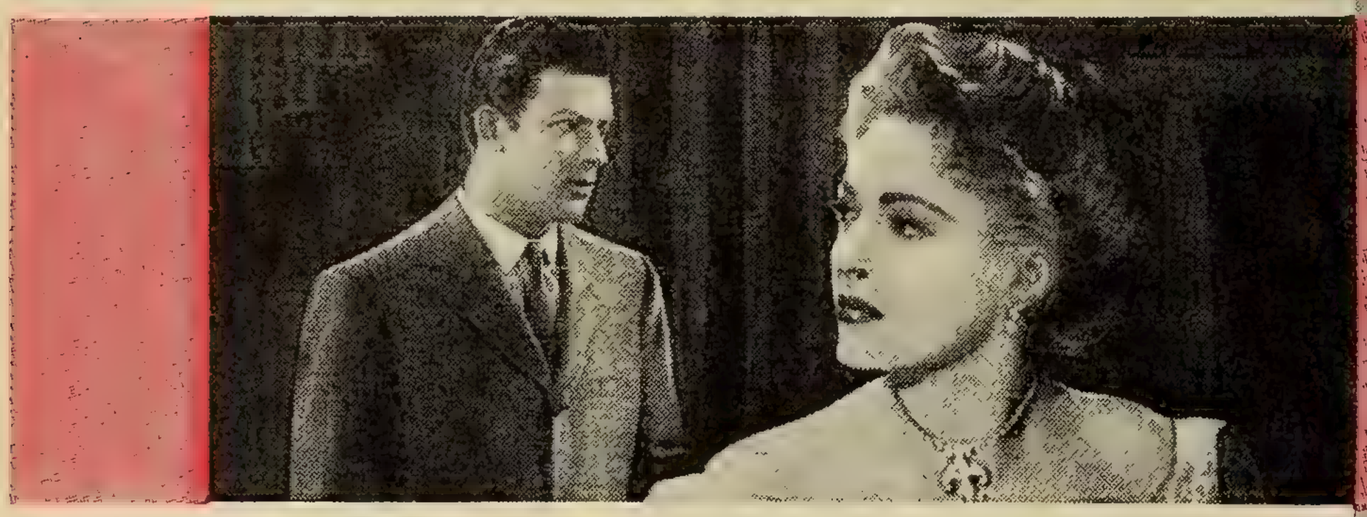
"What makes this sinful—our love or their malicious tongues?"

CORNEL WILDE

*as*

DAVE





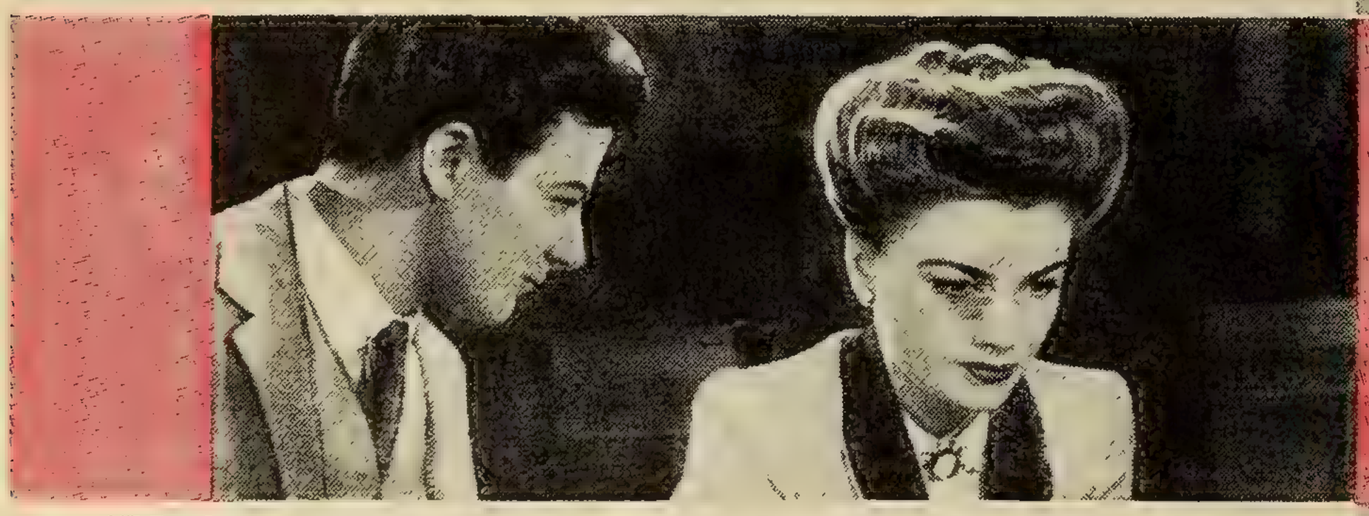
"A town can be too small for my kind of love!"

LINDA DARNELL

*as*

ALGERIA





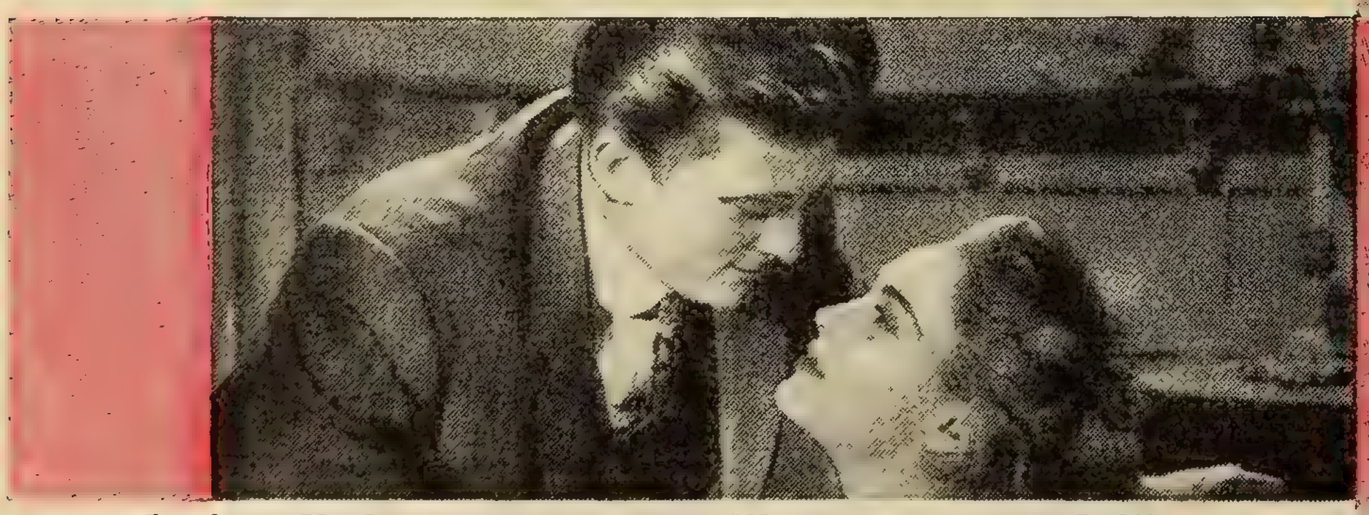
"No law . . . no covenant . . . can keep me from him!"

ANNE BAXTER

*as*

JULIA





"You're all the woman a man like me ever needs!"

KIRK DOUGLAS

*as*

TUCKER



All the heartbeat and people of a great best-seller!

# THE WALLS OF JERICHO

with

ANN DVORAK MARJORIE RAMBEAU • HENRY HULL • COLLEEN TOWNSEND

BARTON MacLANE • GRIFF BARNETT • WILLIAM TRACY • ART BAKER

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Based on the Novel by Paul Wellman

20th CENTURY-FOX

AN OPEN LETTER TO JUNE LOCKHART

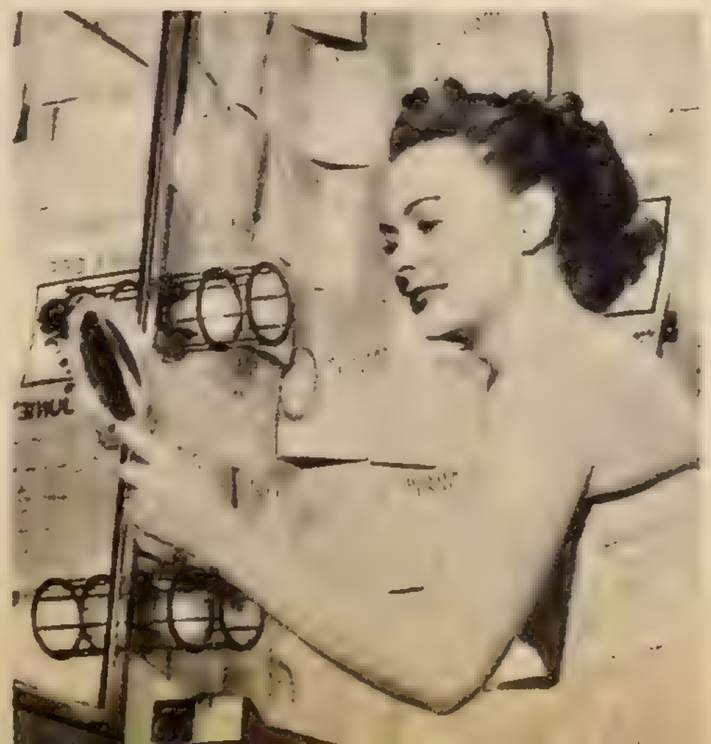
# The Editor's Page

Delight Evans



June Lockhart became the toast of Broadway while appearing in the stage play, "For Love or Money." Right, surrounded by congratulatory telegrams; above, with young leading man Mark Daniels. Hollywood wants her back, but quick, to star in Eagle Lion's "Kenny," by Louis Bromfield. You've seen her recently in "T-Men."

"HOLLYWOOD was never like this!" you said, all eager and glowing, as you fought your way through stage-door autograph hounds after the final curtain of "For Love or Money," in which you made the biggest hit of any young actress since Helen Hayes was discovered. Of course you're thrilled to be Best Young Actress of the Year, with George Jean Nathan and other august critics tossing such adjectives as radiant, refreshing, and merely wonderful at you, and with all New York flocking to see the sensational new star. But oddly enough, you've kept your head—oddly, until I remember you're Gene Lockhart's daughter and a born trouper. No hard feelings about Hollywood, either—even though they took you pretty much for granted, first as a child actress in "All This and Heaven Too" and "Sergeant York"; then as a budding ingénue in support of Lassie and other big stars. Now you're going back to Hollywood a big star yourself, to play "Kenny," with a production budget of $2,000,000, and you're really happy. After all, you say modestly, all you did was to carry your screen technique onto the stage, not acting any different than you'd been acting in pictures right along. And Broadway liked it. Only now Hollywood likes it too.



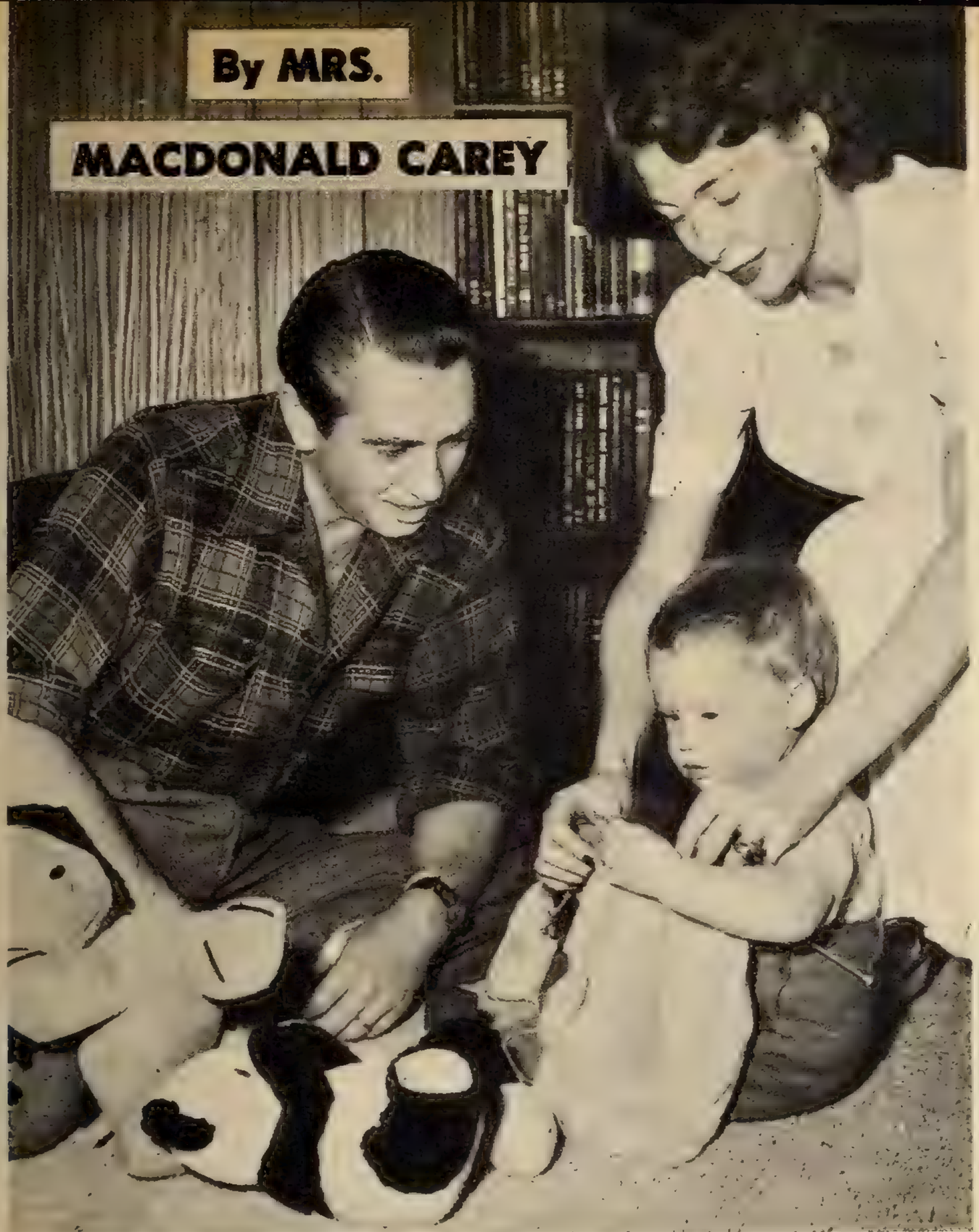
# Summer Siren

Gene Tierney, star of
"The Iron Curtain"

*Miss Tierney's sleek aqua-blue swim suit, striped in silv[illegible], by Mabs of Hollywood. Color photo by Powolny.*

By MRS.

# MACDONALD CAREY



Mac Carey and his charming Betty with their 15-months-old daughter, Lynn, in their new Brentwood home. Upper right, Lynn takes her first steps. Right, the Careys in the kitchen with their treasured family cook.

*Exclusive photos by Bud Fraker, Paramount*





# MY MAN MAC

**"With all the glamor girls Mac works with," says his pretty wife, "his technique certainly should be improved when he comes home!"**

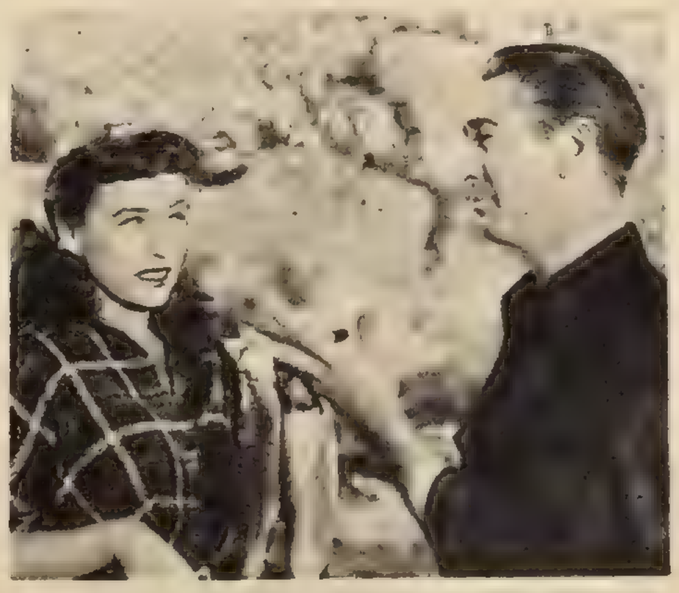


I DON'T think I'll ever forget the day I first met him. Talk about Fate arranging things!

At the time I was an aspiring actress. The "theater" was all I thought about. One day Joan Tetzel, a friend of mine, asked me to go along with her to Benno Schneider's rehearsal hall in New York. For the benefit of those who are uninformed about Mr. Schneider, he had a place where Equity actors could come and rehearse their parts and get his criticism if they so desired. It was crowded that day, but I saw only one person—a tall, sort-of-blond-sort-of-brunette fellow who was really impressive. I was definitely not unhappy when Mr. Schneider unexpectedly picked this gentleman out of the crowd and told him to work with me. For our study, he gave us scenes from "Love from a Stranger" to do. And that's how I met Mr. MacDonald Carey.

After we read for a while together, I was even more impressed with him. I thought he had one of the most terrific voices I'd ever heard. And when I got a glimpse of his eyelashes, I really went overboard. They were so long they'd put a smudge on his glasses when he wore them.

After the session at the hall, Mac seemed rather interested in me. At least, he suggested that he come to my place the next afternoon and rehearse the scenes with me. I certainly wasn't going to play coy at that point and say, "This is so sudden!" I'd fallen for him fast, and I wasn't (*Please turn to page 65*)



Current Carey film: Paramount's "Hazard," with Paulette Goddard. Next: "Dream Girl." In work: "Abigail, Dear Heart."

# PAL PETE

## Candid closeup of Peter Lawford by his best friend

## By JACKIE COOPER

ABOUT fourteen years ago a boy in London wrote a fan letter asking for an autographed picture to a boy in Hollywood who happened to be in pictures. The English boy, too, had had rather a brilliant career in British movies, unfortunately cut short by a law which was passed prohibiting children under fourteen from working for stage or screen. The English boy received his picture from some dutiful secretary, for the American lad was all of eleven, then. And that was that.

Frankly, I don't remember the incident. Although the letter was sent to me, I never saw it. But I certainly believe it happened because it was told to me by its writer, who now is my best



friend and whose word I would take on anything. His name? Peter Lawford.

Quite a guy, Pete. I've never shared so much with a friend as I have with Pete during the past year and a half. He's the first guy my own age—he's a year younger than I—that I've ever had as a pal. Most of my friends were always quite a lot older. And he's my first close friend who is also in pictures; I've always seemed before to pal with non-professionals. Additionally, each of us is an only child and always missed having a brother; our friendship seems a compensation on that score.

Shortly after we met at Lynn Bari's and Sid Luft's home we discovered that temperamentally we were alike, which of course is another fortunate coincidence. We're both restless, can't sit still very long—except at the beach—and like to be doing something constantly. We are both nuts about outdoor sports and the beach; like music, the theater, movies, dancing and night clubs, the same kind of clothes and, most important, the same type of people. Down-to-earth people.

Very conveniently, my wife June and Pete are also mutually fond of each other. She has a wonderful sense of humor and a maternal quality unusual in so young a girl; Pete loves the former and leans on the latter. He treats her and talks to her like the sister he doesn't have. To make the picture complete, our baby Jack Junior is crazy about Pete. One of the first words he was able to say after the usual mama and dada was Peter, which came out something like "Beeter" but was close enough to satisfy Pete's pride as an adopted uncle.

Pete has had so much publicity as a Young Man About Town, because of his dates with many of Hollywood's younger glamor girls, that the public might be inclined to imagine his primary interest is night clubs and parties. Believe me, Pete is a man's man. He is athletic, direct and honest. Except for his English accent he is what we like to call "as American as apple pie."

Pete has (*Please turn to page* 73)



Jackie Cooper, famous as a child actor and now an important stage and screen star, with his pal Pete, whom he "exposes" in our exclusive story. Left, Lawford as he looks in a scene from his new film, "Easter Parade."




Hollywood is buzzing about MGM's "Easter Parade," one of the better musicals. Here, composer Irving Berlin runs through his hit songs (seven new ones are in the picture) with co-stars Astaire and Pete.



Pete sings, dances, romances Judy Garland in the new Technicolor triumph. Facing page, Lawford with gorgeous Esther Williams in their current release, "On An Island with You," filmed for the most part in Florida.

Howard Duff

Color photo by Ray Jones, U-I

**Rugged, ruthless *Sam Spade* of the radio**

**and quiet Howard Duff of the films are**

**one and the same guy—but so different**



Time was when Duff had eyes only for Yvonne DeCarlo. Now, he is the favorite escort of Ava Gardner, above. Tomorrow—? Scene below shows Duff with Edward G. Robinson in a scene from U-I's drama, "All My Sons."

# of DUFF and STUFF

TAKE it straight from headquarters, the only man who could crack this case wide open is *Sam Spade, Private Eye of the Airlanes.* But good *Sam* vacillates between duty and despair when it comes to a public grilling of Howard Duff. It so happens these two gentlemen are one and the same.

Rugged, ruthless *Sam,* backed by 243 fan clubs who have taken *Spade* to their hearts, has been forcing fast talk since July, 1946. Quiet-mannered, introspective Howard is still so new to the film firmament that he has patient paroxysms when he is put on the spot to talk about himself in an interview.

"I'm a voice who suddenly found a body on his hands," muses the man everyone loved and "loathed" in Universal-International's "Naked City." "Added to which, I have an aversion to people who talk too much about themselves. Maybe it's because I've always been too sensitive about most people. There's some sort of chemical reaction and I just freeze up inside. As a result, I ofttimes give the impression of being detached. It still can't be helped. Even to those closest to me, I have *never* been able to 'open up.'"

For the benefit of the *Spade* senders and the Duff devotees, a bit of personal probing proves that hero Howard is six feet tall, weighs 185 lbs. on the badminton court, has brown hair, and blue eyes that can best be described as questioning eyes. For the past two years he's lived in a small apartment which he still refers to as "temporary quarters." He eats most of his meals out, hates to cook but admits to being a "helluva egg man at breakfast"—which is usually noon when he's read most of the night.

To combat loneliness, he likes going (*Please turn to page* 63)





By Jerry Asher

**Buxom beauty Jane Russell learns**

**about movie life from**

**"Paleface" Bob Hope**

Jane Russell plays the rôle of Calamity Jane in the new Bob Hope comedy for Paramount, "The Paleface." Like Dottie Lamour and all other Hope heroines before her, Jane had to learn to "take it" from wisecracking Bob, but she loved it. On this page, informal closeups and typical scenes from the forthcoming Hope picture. Right, Jane in her own natural and wholesome character seems to be laughing at the Jane Russell built up as the sexy personality she played in her first motion picture, "The Outlaw."

# Life with Hope



By Dora Albert

WHEN it was announced that Jane Russell—the girl whose anatomy has been made famous by "The Outlaw"—was going to star opposite Bob Hope in "The Paleface," everyone said, "Gosh, that will be murder. Imagine the gags Bob will pull on her!"

But the people who said that didn't know Jane Russell. She is a girl who always gives back as good as she gets—and better. Where Dorothy Lamour had been driven frantic at times by the Hope gags, Jane Russell was simply waiting for him to start in on her so she could let loose a Sunday punch on him—and brother, when Jane lets loose a Sunday punch, you feel it!

For Jane, believe it or not, was born a tomboy. Raised with four younger brothers, she learned early how to hold her own in any form of combat, verbal or otherwise. She is an earthy sort of person—straightforward, hard-hitting, with a gleam in her eye that betokens just plain fighting spirit.

When Jane first heard rumors that she was going to be cast as *Calamity Jane* in "The Paleface," she thought the rumors were goofy. After all, by this time she was accustomed to Hollywood's crazy rumors, and while she wondered how this one had sprung up, she paid it little attention, till the day her agent phoned her and told her the deal was all set. Meanwhile, Bob Hope, vacationing in South America, received a phone call one day from William Meiklejohn, head of talent casting at Paramount. Meiklejohn, calling from Lucey's, said triumphantly, "It's all set, Bob. Jane Russell will play *Calamity Jane* in 'The Paleface.'" Bob had previously heard that Paramount wanted Jane for the rôle, and he was enthusiastic about the idea, but until that moment no one had known whether the unpredictable Howard Hughes would consent to the loan or not.

Bob and Jane Russell had met a number of times at benefits, but their conversation had been limited to "How do you do?" So when they met at rehearsals of "The Paleface," they measured each other, like two opponents getting ready for a big bout. Undoubtedly Bob wondered what sort of a co-star he had drawn now. Jane, for her part, wondered how soon the gags would begin, and how rough they would be.

"To my surprise," she told me recently, as we had lunch together in her dressing room on the Paramount lot, "Bob was extremely formal with me all during the first few weeks. He didn't pull a single gag while I was on the set."

Jane, at the moment she told me this, looked so different from the exotic girl she played in "The Outlaw" or even the attractive girl she played in "Young Widow" that at first I hadn't recognized her. For Jane was wearing the makeup and clothes she wears for the tag in "The Paleface." In this last scene Bob's a gold statue and Jane's an old woman. When she had entered the dressing room with her companion, Portia Nelson, I wondered to myself, "Who the heck are these two characters?" Gray hair was piled in a high bun on Jane's natural hair. The makeup man had drawn all sorts of wrinkles and crow's feet on Jane's naturally unlined skin, and the frontier pants Jane was wearing hid her curves. Even though Jane was wearing a sweater, you just don't expect to see a sweater girl with wrinkles on her face and gray hair piled high on her head!

"Bob's been kidding me plenty about this makeup," laughed Jane. "But that's been in the last couple of weeks. During our first few weeks of work on the picture, he laid completely low on gags I wondered why he was so formal at first, but finally I (*Please turn to page* 58)



Here's the house that Blandings built, in RKO's gay film version of the best seller, "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy as Mr. and Mrs. B., Melvyn Douglas playing the lawyer, and Sharyn Moffett and Connie Marshall as the kids.

# Mr. Blandings' Dream House

Photo by Gas

# Wake Up, Kids!



**The younger set sit up and listen**

**when their favorite "father" talks**

**to them straight from the shoulder**

## By Walter Pidgeon

*As told to*
*Paul Marsh*

EVERY so often I hear the younger players here in Hollywood comment on the habits of some of their teen-age acquaintances, and in no uncertain terms they let it be known that they've had enough of those particular characters. These are hard words, especially if you happen to be the teen-ager who's the unhappy target for these most uncomplimentary observations. But if you are, take stock of yourself. What's the real reason for your troubles? Why do your chums polish you off that way?

Obviously, there must be some basis for their decision about you. Ask yourself why, and if you're honest, you'll probably find a number of unpleasant facts which practically stare you right in the face!

I've discovered one highly important thing in my years of living, and I think it's worth passing on. It's a lot easier to have people dislike you than it is to develop true friends, and keep them as your friends. All you have to do is behave without consideration for others, and you're sunk. I believe the best way for young people to get along with one another is to be sincere, unaffected, helpful to others, and live and let live. Keep these standards always in mind.

I'm not trying to tell you how to change yourself overnight, or give you any easy lessons on how to be the life of the party. I'm talking straight from the shoulder to the cliff-dweller as well as country lass and lad, and I offer them with the hope that you may find some clues to a successful way of facing each day's problems as they come. And believe me, the reward is very satisfactory! *(Please turn to page 53)*

**A very live Pidgeon indeed, Walter is an idol of youngsters in and out of the MGM Studios. They know he'll never "preach" to them, but they also respect his judgment and accept his advice. Right, the tables are turned as Elizabeth Taylor, his screen "daughter" of "Julia Misbehaves," kibitzes his checker game. He calls her affectionately, off-stage, "Junior." Below, memorable scene with Janet Leigh in "If Winter Comes."**



**What's he really like, this formidable man of many moods and talents? Rarely interviewed, he and his wife, Elsa, reveal their true selves in this exclusive story**



By Frances Kish

# LAUGHTON Without the Leer

"THEY hate interviews," everyone told me. "What's more," they added, "Elsa and Charles Laughton hate *interviewers*. That mountainous Charles Laughton will put you over the cliff that drops in a sheer line from the edge of his Pacific Palisades garden. And Elsa Lanchester will laugh that "Big Clock" laugh of hers, and they'll think themselves well rid of you."

Well, it wasn't like that at all. We met in the round bricked front patio of the house, built around a beautiful tree—I think it's one of those wonderful California oaks. I was afraid to ask later on because I had already made a *faux pas* by identifying a camellia bush as a gardenia, and Charles had quickly corrected me.

"Have a sapote," offered Elsa. I took a piece of the strange sweet fruit she had picked only a few hours before at their Palos Verdes "shack." That's Charles' name for it, though I'm told it's a pretty place down in extrordinarily scenic country. It's a shack to him because they do all their own housework there—bedmaking, cooking, dishwashing, cleaning, digging. When we got in the house and I went straight toward a particularly fine, brightly blue Dufy, and the pulpy sapote collapsed in my fingers just before the last couple of bites and messed up a corner of the table I was leaning across, I thought Charles might "do a Laughton" —the thing "they" had warned me about. But he just let me clean up the mess all by myself, while he smiled.

They're a study in contrast, these two. He has the dignity and quiet that seem to go with king-size males, and she's so alive that you're conscious of her being in the room every moment. She's smaller than you expect, was dressed in a country knit in earthy colors, has hair that's called auburn (*Please turn to page* 69)







The Laughtons, Charles and his actress wife, Elsa, on the set of Paramount's "The Big Clock." Right, together in a scene. Right above, cozy moment with Maureen O'Sullivan, who makes her movie come-back in this film directed by her husband, John Farrow.




Dazzling as a crown—democratic as a kiss, it's the funniest frolic in many a movie year when American Traveling Salesman Bing sells blue-blooded Countess Joan a scandalous bill of goods, as they whirl headlong through riotous escapades and gay indiscretions!

Paramount presents

# BING CROSBY · JOAN FONTAINE

in

# "The Emperor Waltz"

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

with Roland Culver · Lucile Watson · Richard Haydn · Harold Vermilyea
Produced by Charles Brackett · Directed by BILLY WILDER
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder



Even their dogs are in love . . . and in the royal doghouse!

* * *

When Bing sings those lilting love melodies, "The Kiss In Your Eyes," "Friendly Mountains," "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Emperor Waltz" . . . your heart will beat in three-quarter time!









Location scenes amid scenic splendor of Jasper National Park provide fun but it's no lap of luxury for stars Joan Fontaine, left with makeup man Bill Wood, and Bing Crosby, center with chef. Right, Bing and Joan with Billy Wilder, director of Paramount's Technicolor musical farce.



Bing adapts Alpine costume to his traveling salesman role

# It Was Fun!

**Picture-making isn't always a picnic—but Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine, on location for "The Emperor Waltz," enjoyed their jobs, as you'll enjoy their picture**



The poised dignity of the lovely Viennese countess, played by Joan Fontaine, is given a rest between scenes at Emperor's palace.

FOR YOUR ALL-TIME GOOD TIME!

Jam packed with novelty, music and mirth!

# Walt Disney's

GREAT NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

# "MELODY TIME"

## 7-Wonderful Songs

FOR THE MELODY TIME OF YOUR LIFE!

"MELODY TIME" • "PECOS BILL"

"BLUE SHADOWS"

"ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME"

"LITTLE TOOT"

"THE LORD IS GOOD TO ME"

"APPLE SONG"

**ROY ROGERS**
STARRING IN "PECOS BILL"

**SONS OF THE PIONEERS**
IN "PECOS BILL"

**THE ANDREWS SISTERS**
IN "LITTLE TOOT"

**FRANCES LANGFORD**
IN "ONCE UPON A WINTERTIME"

**DENNIS DAY**
AS "JOHNNY APPLESEED"

**BUDDY CLARK**
AS SINGING MASTER OF CEREMONIES

**ETHEL SMITH**
IN "BLAME IT ON THE SAMBA"

**FREDDY MARTIN**
IN "BUMBLE BOOGIE"

**FRED WARING**
AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS

**THE DINNING SISTERS**

**JACK FINA AT THE PIANO**

**LUANA PATTEN AND BOBBY DRISCOLL**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!

RELEASED THROUGH RKO RADIO PICTURES @WDP

WORLD PREMIERE AT THE FAMOUS ASTOR THEATER, BROADWAY, NEW YORK




As the symbol of gracious living, Anne Baxter, in the rôle of Clark Gable's screen wife, has a strong magnetic power—until he succumbs to the undeniable allure of his head nurse, Lana Turner. Then on the battlefield, Danger "pulls the strings."

THE statue, "Miss Liberty" all those boys in uniform crowded around the rail called it, was out there somewhere in the mist, so close that Ulysses felt he could touch it. Above the blasts of the transport's foghorn, above the shrill whistles of the tugs, he could hear other sounds, the sounds of home, the whisper that was really the shouting of the welcoming crowd on the pier, rising and falling above muted strains of a brass band. Punctuating all of them was the piping staccato of automobile horns, the trucks, taxis, and the endless stream of cars so characteristically New York. Yes, they were all there, right behind the fog, but the Europe he had just left seemed much nearer to Dr. Ulysses Johnson, Major in the U.S. Army Medical Corps.

In less than an hour he would be in New York and in scarcely more than a day later he would be home—home with Penny. But there was none of the elation that should have come, thinking of Penny. When he had left, the only thing he had to hold on to had been this homecoming, but now that it had come the taste of it was like ashes in his mouth. Even Penny, most of all Penny, seemed like part of a dream he had dreamed and forgotten long ago.

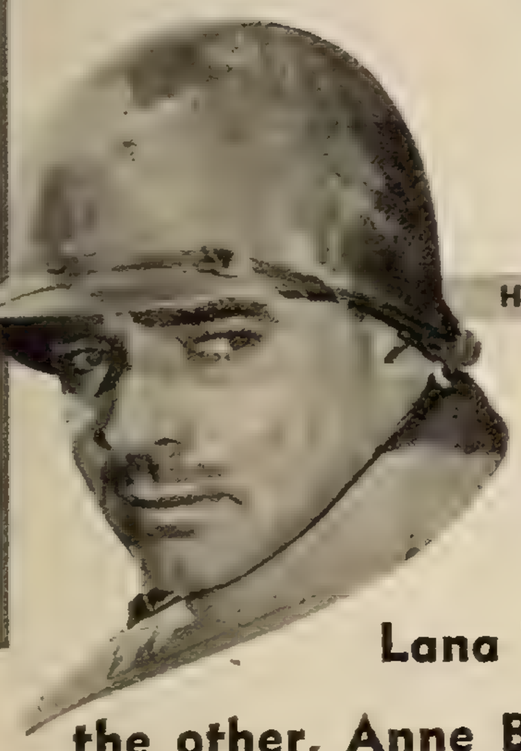
They had once been so happy with each other, and in their gracious life that had seemed to leave nothing to be desired. Success had come easily to him and he had escaped the gruelling grind so many of his colleagues were still going through. It amazed him sometimes how he had become the most fashionable surgeon in town, while men he had thought far more promising than himself had been—well, grubbing along was really the only way he could describe it.

Men like Bob Sunday, for instance, who was still practicing down in that dreary slum where he had first hung out his shingle. Chester Village it was called, though there was nothing about that crowded malaria infested tenement section to suggest the wide spaces and charming houses and gardens its name would imply. Ulysses had always felt Bob must have been lacking either in nerve or ambition to stay there year after year. But sometimes he made him feel guilty, too, like the time Ulysses had promised to go down and talk about the slum clearance project the other was so excited about putting into effect.

Ulysses had completely forgotten it was Penny's birthday, so he had put Bob off and spent the afternoon with her at the club. That was only a few months before Pearl Harbor and the next time he had seen Bob was at the farewell cocktail party Penny had given the evening before he left for camp.

He had worn his uniform and

# Homecoming



HOMECOMING

**Clark Gable with two women in his heart—one, luscious Lana Turner, spells high adventure; the other, Anne Baxter, stands for all he wants to come home to. Which one wins?**



for once he didn't feel that twinge he'd felt before after disappointing Bob. Instead, he felt superior to the other in every way now, not only in the material way he had always had, but in the more subtle one of conscience. After all, wasn't he serving his country while Bob was still in civilians?

Maybe he had been a bit pompous, a bit smug, as he talked of what he was doing. For suddenly Bob had lashed out at him. "Look, Lee, don't talk to me about issues," he had said.

Ulysses hadn't been put off. "Your country's been attacked!" he reminded him a little too sharply.

Bob had taken a deep breath then and let him have it. "When you have the guts to tell me my country's been attacked, implying that I'm not doing anything about it, that's pretty hard to take. Over there in Chester Village men have been dying for years. Children are dying just for the lack of decent care. Malaria, malnutrition, hookworm! My country attacked? You're darn right it has been. For a long time! But did you care? And don't kid yourself about that uniform you've got on. You're in it because it's the thing to do right now, because everybody else is doing it. Get wise to yourself, Lee!"



That had washed them up completely. A friendship of years, gone, just like that! He had wanted to forget it, the way he always did unpleasant things. And yet he couldn't. It was as clear to him now as the day it had happened. Much clearer to him than Penny was. He tried to think of her then, of the fun they'd always had, of the excitement of being with her. He tried to recapture that feeling he'd had the morning he kissed her goodbye, and the loneliness that had come afterwards when he thought of her. But even the loneliness couldn't come through to him now, not with that other loneliness which seemed to be a part of his very bones, that's how deep it lay inside of him.

"Snapshot," he whispered and even her name seemed a part of him. "Snapshot."

It was on the transport taking him overseas he met her. She was a striking-looking girl with that yellow hair of hers and those deep violet-blue eyes, but he hadn't noticed her any more than he had the other nurses in his outfit, not with every thought he had back home with Penny, continually in his mind.

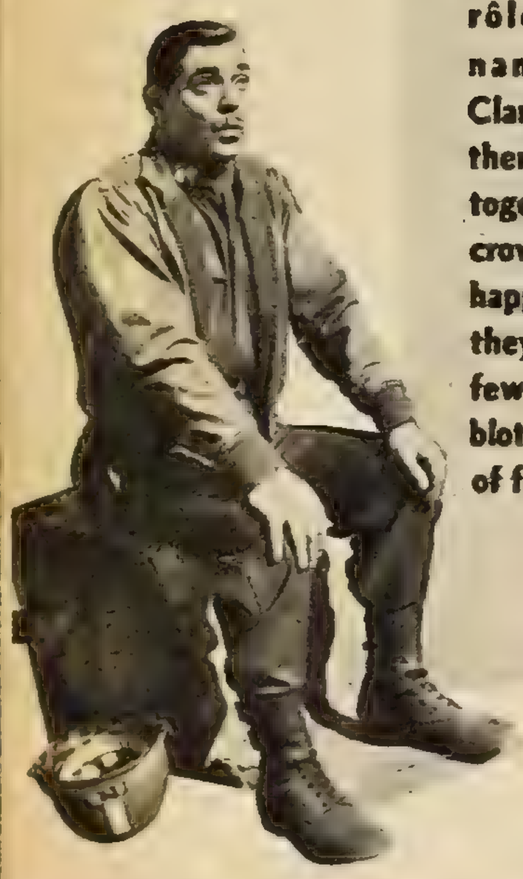
"I wonder where we're headed for," he had said to Dr. Silver, one of the older officers, as they lounged comfortably on deck that evening. "Can't be

## "HOMECOMING"

Produced by Sidney Franklin in association with Gottfried Reinhardt. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Screenplay by Paul Osborn from the original story by Sidney Kingsley, adapted by Jan Lustig. With the following cast:

*Dr. Ulysses Johnson*...CLARK GABLE
*Lt. Jane "Snapshot" McCall*....
.....LANA TURNER
*Penny Johnson*.....ANNE BAXTER
*Dr. Robert Sunday*..JOHN HODIAK
*Dr. Avery Silver*.....RAY COLLINS
*Sgt. Monkevicz*.....
.....CAMERON MITCHELL
*Sgt. McKeen*.....
.....MARSHALL THOMPSON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Love and war have unaccountable ways of ruling lives. Thus, in their co-starring rôles of this dynamic romance, Clark and Lana find themselves on leave together in Paris, crowding as many happy memories as they can in their few short hours to blot out the horrors of frontline warfare.



Africa, because that campaign's in the bag now that Montgomery's got Rommel on the run. Probably won't be long before the whole war's over, now that we've come in."

Silver didn't have a chance to answer, not with that clear, scornful voice breaking in. "Wishful thinking," she said and as Ulysses turned sharply he saw the girl





half-sitting, half-lying beside him, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes staring up at the stars. "Wishful thinking, just the way we got here."

Ulysses shrugged and turned away. "I wonder what my wife's doing now, this minute."

Silver tamped down his pipe thoughtfully. "Mine's just putting the kids to bed. You got any?"

"No," Ulysses said. "Never felt the need for any."

There was a rustling beside him as the girl straightened into a sitting position. "You don't know what you've missed," she said. "My boy is six now."

"Really?" Ulysses glanced at her indifferently. "Then why are you here?"

"Because I want him to become twelve," she said.

Ulysses lifted an eyebrow. "Where's your husband?"

"Somewhere in China." Her voice didn't change at all. "He's buried there."

He shifted uncomfortably. "Oh," he said. And then: "Sorry."

"It was six years ago," she said simply, "and anyway, he was fighting for what he believed in."

"Fighting? In China?" Ulysses looked his bewilderment. "Was he Chinese?"

"No. He was an American pilot."

Ulysses felt more bewildered than ever. "Why can't people just stay home and live their own lives?" he sighed. "Enjoy the good things, their work, their homes . . ."

The girl's short laugh came. "Comfortable philosophy, Major. You can't understand it at all, can you? Why an American should be fighting in China?"

He flushed. "No, I can't," he said abruptly. "A man leaves his wife and child to fight in a war that was none of our business!"

"Wasn't it?" she asked cryptically.

"Not six years ago," he retorted.

She looked at him, then swung lightly to her feet. "My husband hated aggression even six years ago," she said and



**The homecoming kiss—so much had happened in the three long years Anne Baxter had waited, faithfully and patiently. It just couldn't be the same, they thought.**



his sense of discomfort heightened as she left her place on the deck.

"Of all the fresh . . ." he grumbled. "Who is she?"

"Snapshot, they call her." Silver knocked the ash out of his pipe. "I think her name's . . . let's see . . . McCall. That's it. Lieutenant McCall."

"Whose nurse is she?" Ulysses asked. "Not yours, I hope."

"No." A faint glimmer of amusement tugged at Silver's lips. "She's yours."

That was the first time he mentioned Snapshot in his letters to Penny, feeling some of his annoyance leave him as he wrote, the way exasperation always had a way of going when he talked things over with her. He gave the girl a wide berth for the rest of the trip and then forgot her. For it was Africa they'd been heading towards after all, coming in on D-Day directly after the first wave attacked Casablanca. There was plenty to keep the Medical busy then—so busy that Ulysses didn't even recognize her at first as one of the nurses assisting him.

It was her amazing competence that made him notice her again. The attack on Kasserine Pass had begun then and he wouldn't have known what to do without Snapshot during those nights and days. It was uncanny how she was always there, right when she was needed.

One night—it was really morning, for reveille sounded just after he reached his tent—he was so exhausted that he didn't have the energy to begin undressing. As he sat on his cot, Snapshot suddenly appeared in the opening of his tent carrying two mugs of coffee.

"Mind if I sit down a minute?" she said, and as he nodded, sank down on a chair facing him. "I was very rude to you that evening on the boat. I'm sorry."

It was amazing how much it pleased him. "Well," he grinned ruefully, "I can't say as I blame you . . ."

"I'm a very irritating person," she said.

"So am I," he confessed. He looked at her and was amazed to see the color flooding her (*Please turn to page* 51)

FRED ROBBINS

# Right off the Record

**Latest list of waxen attractions lend a musical ounce of bounce to your gayest summer playtime**

Bonita Granville fills in chin-time spot on Fred Robbins' popular airshow.






Mindy Carson and Fred cross listen-in wires when she drops in for chat.



Movies' Richard Conte counts with femme fans who listen to Freddie's program.

HYA, Sy! Well, if it isn't July! Get those boots laced up high, and let's ride to the sky!

That's just about how far the fresh stacks of wax reach, and to dig 'em all we gotta glue our tympanic membrane to that sound box practically the whole twenty-four of the day—just so your little hearing flap won't be mistreated.

Had a big ball with Lucille Ball's boy, Desi Arnaz. He took over the program from the records to the commercials, which he did in Spanish, and almost made a date with one of the chicks he called whose meter started ticking that day—her birthday, that is. *Si, chiquito.* Des does everything! That "Teentimer" program we did together—wow! Never saw so many of the lipstick legion melt *en masse!* What's he got that I haven't and where can I buy it cheap! Don't answer that! But what's in the way of ecstatic static?

## HEAVENLY!

FRANK SINATRA: Nancy's Daddy's been getting lotsa of tonsil exercise of late, or else Columbia's spouting out cookies like a machine gun, hon. And so what? We could stand fresh Frankie cookies for breakfast, lunch and demi-tasse every day, hey! There's "I've Got a Crush on You," a lovely Gershwin song over 16 years old which we begged him to wax long ago and he finally did. And you'll be glad, too, 'spesh with such nice racket by Bobby Hackett on trumpet woven all 'round. Flip is "Ever Homeward," adapted from a Polish melody, with Frank getting off a chorus in both English and Polish for no extra charge. For another helping of yelping, "All of Me" and "I Went Down to Virginia," loaded with many an ounce of the bounce that counts and bubbling like fizz water and fish eggs. (Columbia)

NAT COLE: *Voici* the set of grooves we've been poppin' our cork about on the "1280 Club," Bub, "Nature Boy," with the new groom on his ownsy against a bank of beautiful Frank DeVol strings. 'S one of the greatest slicings ever cut, just a simple, tender, poignant piece of philosophy the UN could dig, "the greatest thing in life is to love and be loved in return." 'Twas written by a yogi farmer, Eden Abez, and not only getcha like the witches got Macbeth but puts the proper feeling of reverence in your ear. Flip is the double bubble beauty from "Bishop's Wife" that Cary did on the harp, "Lost April," which'll keep you in that state of escapist bliss, Sis, from now until next April. (Capitol)

BILLY BUTTERFIELD: Wm. covers that horn like black covers prunes on "I Can't Get (*Please turn to page* 71)




Vaughn Monroe brings two of the boys from his band to discuss the pro and con of "corn."

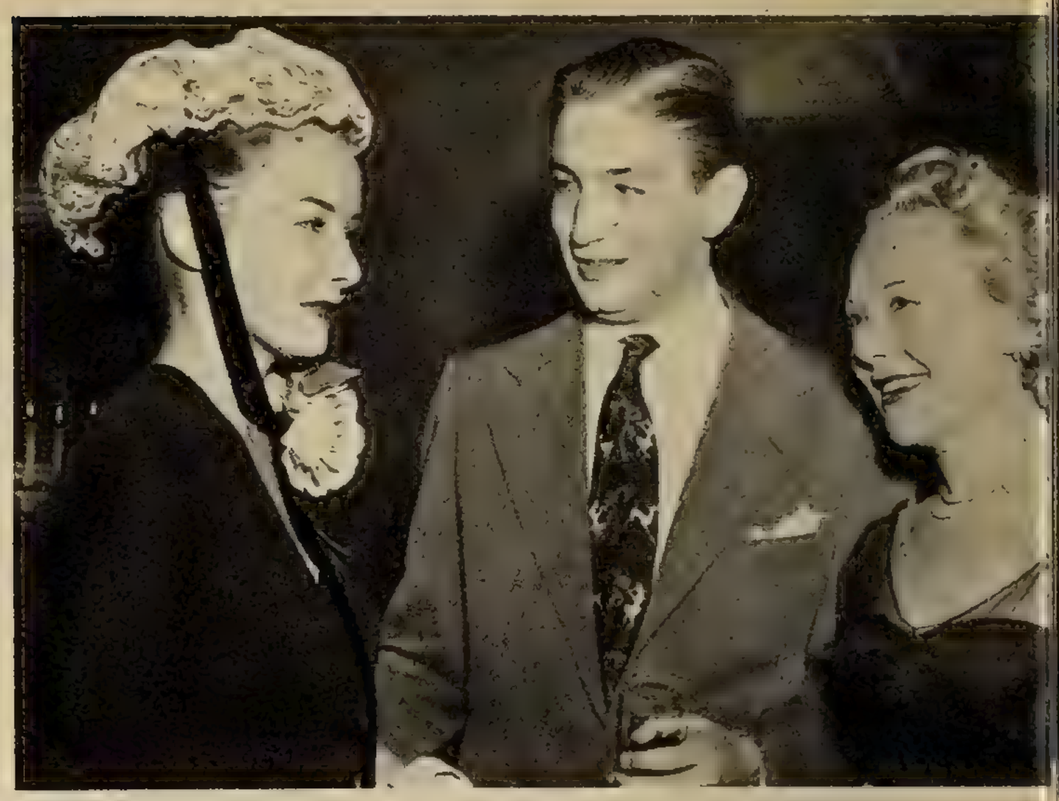



Girl of the month for July: Olivia deHavilland, now starring in "The Snake Pit" for 20th Century Fox. Photo by Frank Powolny.

Celeste Holm admires Mary Pickford's chapeau as they greet each other at one of the month's important parties.



Diana Lynn and Bob Neal, still denying rumors of a future wedding, with Sonja Henie, a favorite Hollywood hostess.



JULY is bringing Hollywood out of doors, where the patios, lanais and gardens, now in full bloom, make colorful and effective settings for most of the important parties of the month. I've even had an outdoor bamboo bar installed in the open patio adjoining my own garden, and I christened it the other evening with a cocktail party for my friend, the Baroness de Selys Longchamps, a distinguished visitor.

That lovely Italian star, Valli, Sonja Henie, Robert Mitchum and his wife, Dorothy, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Diana Lynn, Ann Miller and Turhan Bey were among the many who came to welcome the Baroness to her first Hollywood party.

Below my garden the lights of the city spread out a carpet of glistening diamonds, and I saw Beatrice Lillie watching the scene with apparent fascination. "Isn't it beautiful, Bea?" I asked her. "Don't tell me, Cobina. I know. In just a minute they all come together and spell 'MGM'!"

It was at this party that I introduced Turhan Bey to exquisite Arlene Dahl, and he was quite smitten with her titian-tressed beauty. Now they're seeing each other quite regularly. Diana Lynn came with the young Texas oil millionaire, Bob Neal, but they both deny that there are any wedding bells ringing in the immediate future and claim that that heavily chaperoned trip to Mexico was just a

By COBINA WRIGHT

# Come Along With





The beginning of a romance? Turhan Bey and Arlene Dahl are seeing each other regularly since meeting at one of Cobina's parties. At right, the popular hostess herself with Robert Mitchum, bearded for a movie, and Sonja Henie.

Turhan Bey, Diana Lynn and Bob Mitchum record a roundelay. Right, Edward Everett Horton and Valli with hostess Cobina.





vacation, a colorful change of scenery.

I had invited Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, but they called to say that they were both working so hard in "Key Largo" that they wondered if they could have a rain check.

"You know, Cobina," Bogey said, "it's the worst-dressed picture of the year. I wear the same old suit throughout the entire film. Lauren's one-change wardrobe only cost seventy-five dollars and Claire Trevor's single dress is a forty-five-dollar one. Edward G. Robinson wears just one suit and a sleazy robe and Lionel Barrymore's outfit consists of a shirt, dungarees and a straw hat. We're such a disreputably dressed crew that even the producer, Jerry Wald, feels obliged to wear a five-year-old suit when he visits the set! So you can see we're hardly groomed to meet a Baroness."

A rugged appearance, however, didn't halt Robert Mitchum. He arrived, apologizing for wearing a six-day growth of beard, explaining that the studio wouldn't let him shave because of his current rôle in "Blood on the Moon." The Baroness was fascinated, and called "Beaver" when Bob was introduced to her.

Bette Davis didn't give her party out of doors for her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Columbus, Georgia, but she did the next best thing. She literally brought a garden into the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel with some of the most stunning floral arrangements I

# COBINA To The Best Hollywood Parties!

**The screen colony's social scene moves outdoors for Summer fun, and our celebrated society columnist, Cobina Wright, reports all the gay gossip of the glamorous guests**



have seen. Bette used great pink and green elephant ear leaves at the base of several bowls piled high with giant pink tulips, roses and pink carnations, all on candle-lit tables with pink satin cloths.

Bette's invitations were so cute. She sent out wires saying that she and her husband, Bill Sherry, hadn't given a party in a long time and that she wished us to come for cocktails and a dance or two—or twenty-two! And we *did* dance until we were out of breath, because Bette and Bill insisted on teaching the Robert Montgomerys, Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer and *both* Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper how to do the "zapateado," or Mex- (*Please turn to page* 61)

# DATE BAIT

DATE BAIT DATE BAIT DATE BAIT DATE



EVEN though it's Leap Year, girls, I advise you to look first!

When I was in New York recently on a personal appearance tour, Editor Delight Evans asked me to tell about my Hollywood "dates." "Marilyn, you're one of the most-dated girls in the film colony," she said. "Why don't you give our readers the lowdown on dates and how you feel about the many men you go out with—to the theater, night clubs, concerts and parties?"

"I'm afraid I'm out-dated, Delight," I said. "It's like Mark Twain's remark about the report of his death—the number of my dates is greatly exaggerated. If I lived to be a hundred, I couldn't possibly go out with the thousands I'm supposed to have been with."

There are several reasons for this. One is, I think, because the average Hollywood bystander is innocently nearsighted. A person sights a blonde in a theater or a restaurant and asks, "Who is she?" and the companion is very likely to say, "Oh, that's Marilyn Maxwell with so-and-so." It makes no difference that it might be Doris Day, Martha Vickers or Lady Mendl. They've said it and that makes it so. Another reason is due to press-agent dream-ups. A publicity man will have a handsome male client he wants to have seen with the current crop of glamor girls—so presto, date-o!—you read that you're being romanced by a dream boy you've only seen at fifty paces. Once, I stayed home playing cards with my mother all evening, only to pick up the paper the next morning and discover that I had been out on the town in seven different night spots with three men I had never even met! I'm still looking for that blurb-planter.

I think one of the most amusing examples occurred right while I was in New York, making an appearance at the Capitol Theater. My ex-husband, John Conte, and I are still very great friends. (Just because our marriage didn't pan out, doesn't mean that we glare at one another in public.) John was appearing in that wonderful Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Allegro," and doing such a terrific job I wanted to see the show. I called him to ask about tickets because I knew they were almost impossible to get. John obligingly arranged for me and my girl friend to get good seats for the

*Exclusive photos by Len Weissman*

# The truth about those "dangerous Hollywood dates" you've heard about

## By Marilyn Maxwell

E BAIT DATE BAIT DATE BAIT

following night. After the show was over he took us out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The next day three nationally syndicated columns broke out in a rash of statements to the effect that John and I had reconciled!

Many girls who first come to Hollywood feel that they have to make the so-called night club circuit. I made the same mistake. I was advised that I would come to the attention of producers and directors more quickly if I stepped out more often. Believe me, kids, there isn't a quicker way of stepping out of pictures, entirely. I, luckily, caught on, and became fed up with that "being seen nightly" routine. It's not that I don't love to dine and dance, but I prefer to go to a night club only when there is some special entertainment I want to see. Or, if I happen to be singing there professionally, myself. The managers are rather insistent on that point!

Of course, where a girl goes on a date and how she spends the evening depends a lot on the man she's with, and I think there are five important factors a girl can use as a guide to insure having a satisfactory date—whether it's in Hollywood or Hohokus.

First, a girl should not accept a date with a man unless she has had a proper introduction, that is, through a mutual friend or relative.

Secondly, she should let the man plan the evening. On a first date, particularly, I like to know where we are going, so that I will know how to dress correctly. If it's for din- *(Please turn to page 68)*



Definitely not a date with Bill Bendix, Marilyn might be—but isn't—saying in this scene from her new picture for RKO, "Race Street," with George Raft. Marilyn becomes a brunette for this one film only.



One minute late! How dare Michael North keep the lovely Miss Maxwell waiting? It's their very first date, too.



All is forgiven as Mike orders gourmet's dinner at Ciro's. Handsome Mike, the Curtiz star, minds his manners.




You guessed it! They take in a movie Mike wants to see: MGM's "Summer Holiday," which features Miss Marilyn Maxwell.



Back to Ciro's for a spot of dancing, cheek-to-cheek. Then one last stop at a drive-in for snack. Thanks for a lovely evening!







# What Are The Wild Wolves Whistling?

**Eeee-wooo! Speaking of bathing beauties, Hollywood has 'em**



*Exclusive photos by Len Weissman*





Yvonne De Carlo (far left) starring in "Casbah" and "River Lady," for Universal-International, graces a Jantzen two-piece white satin lastex suit with strips of coral, black, and aqua. Ava Gardner, soon to be in U-I's "One Touch of Venus," is wearing a white satin lastex suit with a green fern print, by Mabs. Cute Olga San Juan of "Are You With It?" (right) in a one-piece, all blue wool suit trimmed with flowered white ric-rac. By Jantzen. Above, Olga models a one-piece lastex-faille pink with huge flowers on white background. A Catalina suit. Right above, Janet Blair of Columbia's "I Love Trouble" and "Fuller Brush Man" chooses a two-piece yellow wool with half skirt to add to pool-side glamor. By Jantzen.





# Here's Hollywood GOSSIP



## Gossip by Weston East



SIX-FOOT-three-inch Barry Sullivan was up for an excellent part in "The Great Gatsby." Practically everyone discouraged him. "You'll never get it," they said. "Alan Ladd won't play opposite an actor so much taller than himself." Eventually Alan looked at the tests of all the actors being considered. Barry was his choice, and Barry got the part. That's the kind of right guy Alan is.

DINNER guests at Jane Wyman's were surprised and delighted when Ronnie Reagan walked in unexpectedly. So at least their situation looks promising. Speaking of Ronnie, every day when he eats lunch in the Warner Bros. Green Room there's a huge portrait of Jane smiling down at his table. His eyes are automatically drawn to it, especially when he's raving about her brilliant performance in "Johnny Belinda." And he's usually raving about it.

"I'M terribly sorry I won't be able to be there for your birthday." It was Clark Gable calling Mrs. Walter "Fieldsie" Lang from New York where he had gone to see "Command Decision." (His next MGM movie). Eighteen hours later Clark walked in on the Langs—wearing a huge grin and carrying a magnum of champagne. "Fieldsie" Lang was Carole Lombard's closest friend and secretary. Wild horses couldn't have kept Clark away on that day.

MAYBE you think her studio wasn't pretty pleased when Gene Tierney reconciled with Oleg Cassini. Her dressing room on "That Wonderful Urge" (how appropriate can a title be?) set looked like a florist's shop. To commemorate the happy occasion, Oleg gave Gene an antique ring set with seed pearls and opals.

AT A drive-in not far from Warner Bros. Studio a blue-eyed, pig-tailed little girl in a middy blouse and skirt munched on a sandwich. Next to her sat a nice young man, but they *didn't* look like sister and brother! It was June Haver, dressed for her rôle of the youthful Marilynn Miller in "Silver Lining," and







Is Spencer Tracy, left, wondering how "Baby Snooks" Fanny Brice thinks up all that mischief? Center, cocktail guests at the Town House are David Street, Gloria Jean and Rod Cameron. Right, dancing romanceers at Ciro's are Rory Calhoun and Vera Ellen.





Boys will be boys! Red Skelton the clowns when Clyde Beatt comes to Hollywoodtown. At far Joe Cotten having fun feeding

Dr. John Duzik, who had dashed out to see Junie on her lunch hour. She's finally divorced from band leader Jimmy Zito. The good doctor was always one of her favorite escorts.

IT'S BEEN Jack Carson's rule never to come to the studio on a day off. But that was before he met lovely Patricia Neal, whom you'll see for the first time in "John Loves Mary." He was at the studio the day she tested for a new part. He took her to lunch, waited to drive her home, and we even saw him walking her dog!

EVER since they announced their engagement, Michael North and Marilyn Maxwell are greeted with the wedding march whenever they go to a night club. Because the ring he ordered wasn't ready before the news leaked out, Mike slipped a five-and-dime sparkler on th his fair one. As Marilyn told us not be good—but it's certainly

NOW that her first America movie (she has three other finally been released, perhaps that ish siren will be more considerat studio associates. Some think she is s frightened, though she's been here f two and a half years. Others feel it's he romance with a new young director that keeps her short-tempered. We're sure she has her problems. But why take them out on the people who are hired to help her?

GREER Garson may indulge in temperament now and then, but the "Julia Misbehaves" company certainly sing her praises. The double hired for the acrobatic sequences literally got ill and couldn't take it. So Greer did her own

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Left, Bill Bendix, now playing Babe Ruth in Allied Artists' "The Babe Ruth Story," and Alexis Smith do the honors at first ball game. Center, Jane Powell congratulates Jeanette MacDonald after her concert. Right, Barbara Lawrence and John Fontaine, newlyweds, are "two happy people."



Pat O'Briens, seldom seen at night spots, attend dinner party dressed in their best bib ucker. Pat's been busy picture-making. He's just finished RKO's "Fighting Father Dunne."

ictions. Result, Ray is the white- d boy of the lot. Recently they tried borrow Audrey Totter for "Beyond vil." But MGM wouldn't loan her unless she could share star billing. Paramount left it up to Ray, who said "okay." Not only is he nice, he's very smart too.

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ace out. We'd bet our last
purchases went to sister Joanie.
pite their feudin' and fightin', Livvy
as always been a terrific sentimentalist
at heart. Warm heart, that is.

THINGS look much brighter for Tom Drake and he no longer wants his release from MGM. That rôle in "Command Decision" is one of his best to date. Then there's Judy Clark, who seldom makes an "outside" date unless she checks with Tom first. The little night club singer has a wealth of talent—especially for making Tom smile happily.

HERE'S the secret why Ray Milland appears in corny movies like "Golden Earrings." It's made more money than some of Paramount's million dollar

BETWEEN the radio programs he lost and the picture work postponed, Gregory Peck figures his broken leg will cost him something like $100,000! It happened when his horse fell and he couldn't free himself from the stirrup. Dana Andrews now refers to Greg as "Schlep-Along Cassidy!"

IF REX Harrison and Lilli Palmer are on the verge of separating, certainly their closest friends are unaware of it. However, there are those who feel the charming Britishers aren't as fun-loving as they used to be. Both are working so hard these days, it really isn't fair to judge.

JACK Benny has nothing on Spencer Tracy, according to Pat O'Brien. "When Spence and I were kids together in Milwaukee, we were the same age," grins Pat. "Now, of course, Spence is only 39!"

HER MGM bosses are willing to forgive and forget that Gloria DeHaven turned down rôles, so she's back on salary again. Now that studio would love to have John Payne under contract, too. It's a mighty fine offer, but when he left 20th Century-Fox, John swore he'd never sign another long-term contract again. Gloria secretly hopes her husband will weaken.

CATHY O'Donnell and Farley Granger were asked to ride in the big "Spec" at Clyde Beatty's Wild Animal Circus. In vain did the romantic couple search the audience, hoping that someone would see them sitting on top of an elephant's head. Suddenly Farley spotted Kirk Douglas and his wife, Diana. He waved, he yelled, he screamed, he whistled! "If you hadn't seen us, I think I would have *died!*" he gasped out later. It was a thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

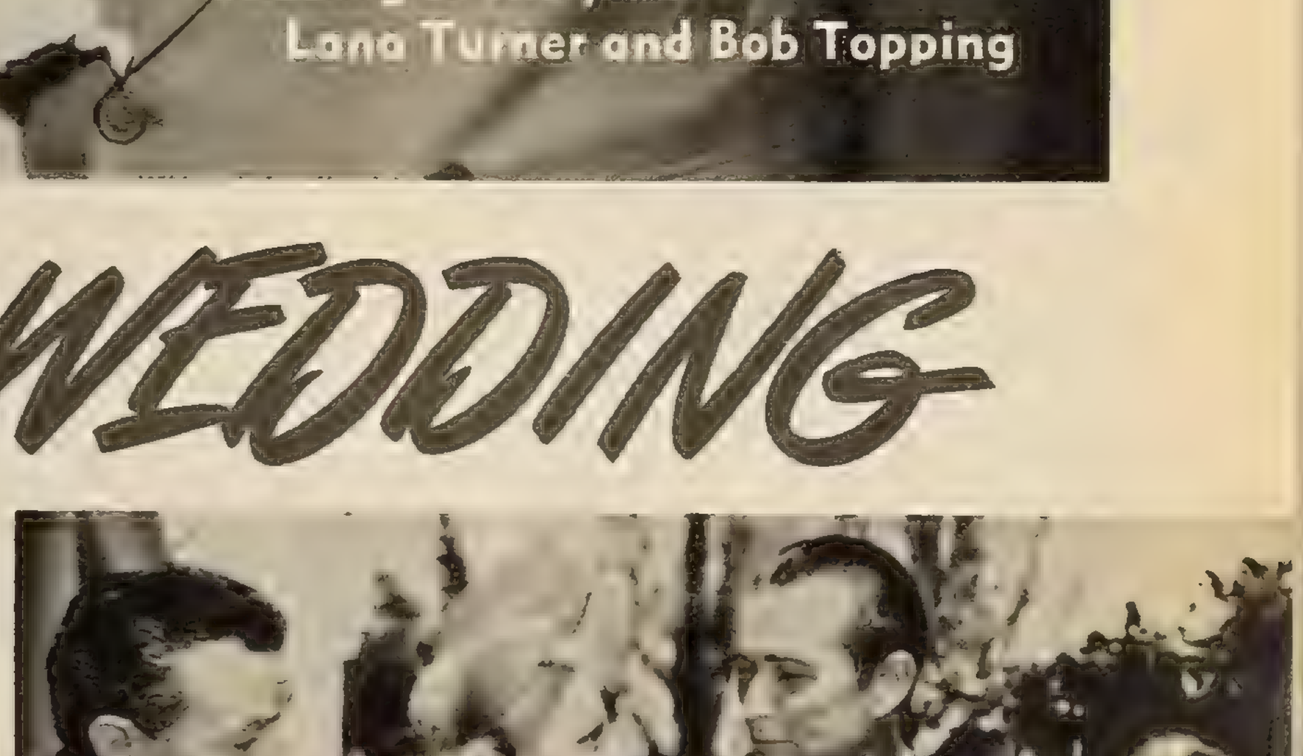
NOW we've seen everything dept.: Ava Gardner's escort at a Hollywood party recently was middle-aged Jimmy McHugh. While the popular composer played all her favorite songs, she sang them in a sultry, sensational style — to *herself*, reflected in a mirror that hung over the piano. As another glamor gal put it: "Maybe she's her own type!"

UNLESS a miracle happens, Humphrey Bogart won't be available to play the hard-boiled racketeer in "Born Yesterday." But he's certainly putting on a campaign for Evelyn Keyes. Bogey thinks his pal John Huston's wife would be terrific as the slightly-soiled chorus girl. And that's praise from the master.

Hollywood's headline wedding of the year: Lana Turner and Bob Topping

# Lana's WEDDING





The bride and groom exchange fond glances after the ceremony, with the best man, Billy Wilkerson, and Matron-of-honor, Sara Hamilton in attendance. The star's lovely daughter, Cheryl Christine, at left marveling over the wedding cake, was flower girl.



# Screenland Salutes Doris Day

in "Romance on The High Seas"

**Most refreshing new personality in a long time is delightful Doris Day— a charmer, a deft comedienne, and *how* she can sing!**













Doris is a dainty dish, yes—but more than that, a clever performer. With such stiff competition as Jack Carson, left, and Oscar Levant in scene at top of page, she more than holds her own in "Romance on the High Seas," Michael Curtiz's entertaining musical romance, released by Warner Bros.

## "Homecoming"

Continued from page 37

face. He'd never have put Snapshot down as a girl who blushed, even occasionally.

"If . . ." she said, "if . . . you'd want to be friends, I'd like it very much."

He felt so relaxed, and it wasn't just strong, hot coffee that made him feel that way, either. "You're a funny kid, Snapshot," he smiled. "Of course, I want to be friends." He took another gulp of coffee. "Boy, is that good!"

"I hope it doesn't keep you awake, Major," she said.

"Too tired to sleep, anyway," he answered, "and look, don't you think we could dispense with this Major business?"

"What should I call you?" Her unexpected smile came, "I certainly can't call you Ulysses."

"I've had trouble with that myself," he confessed. "All my life."

"Perhaps I should call you what I've been calling you to myself, though lately I haven't been sure it fits you. It . . . it's Useless."

It was amazing, but he didn't mind. "Well, it could be worse," he laughed. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks." She took one out of the pack he held out to her, but as he reached for a lighter she had hers out first. As she flicked it open, the cover jarred loose and fell to the ground. "It's always coming apart," she said as he returned it to her. "It lights though."

He wrote to Penny after she left, telling about the visit, and he must have betrayed more interest than he realized for when the answer came there wasn't any doubt that Penny sounded jealous. Ulysses was in Anzio when the letter caught up with him and he laughed about it at first. But that was before he and Snapshot took the jeep and went out to take a swim in the ruin of an old Roman bath, with each of them standing guard while the other gave themselves the luxurious scrubbing down they'd been longing for, for days.

They'd had fun, but that wasn't what changed things. It was after they were back at the base, he began to realize how important Snapshot had become to him. Some new cases had come in and Ulysses had been appalled when he recognized one of them as the boy who used to deliver the laundry back home. He had a ruptured spleen and nothing could be done about it because he had been bled white by hookworm. And not only that he had malaria, contracted long before he enlisted. Ulysses had a bad time with himself, knowing the boy had lived in a tenement in Chester Village.

Snapshot couldn't hold back her indignation as they left. "Malaria, hookworm —doesn't that make you laugh?" she said bitterly. "An American soldier killed on the field and not by the enemy! Imagine the kind of hole this kid had to live in at home. Weren't there any doctors around who knew what was going on, or didn't they care enough to do anything about it?"

"Some doctors cared," Ulysses said, "but I wasn't one of them. He . . . he came from my home town. You're right, Snapshot. I never cared enough."

He knew then how much she meant to him, seeing the sudden sympathy on her face. "You're a swell guy, Useless," she said and the simple words were like a lifeline flung out to him.

It didn't get any better as time went on. All through the months that followed he found his feeling for her growing, until sometimes it was all he could do not to tell her how he felt. They had come a long way from Anzio. There had been Rome and after that the invasion of France. Then had come Carentan, Saint Lo, Dumfront, Soisson, La Capelle. They were at Bastogne that time he knew Snapshot, too, had gone through her own little private war and lost. A messenger came to him with a transfer to be signed and when he looked at it he saw it was made out in Snapshot's name. He had been hurt at first, until he realized why she wanted to leave the outfit. On the day she was leaving—he couldn't help it—he took her in his arms.

It was all right to show how he felt then, because he would never see her again. But it wasn't goodbye after all, for a few days later when he was on leave in Paris there she was coming into the dining room of his hotel.

Time had given them a reprieve and they were together again. It was such a little time to be crowded with memories, walks in the clear, thin winter sunshine, hours spent talking, sometimes seriously, sometimes laughing at nothing at all, and the other times, the best times, when she was in his arms as they danced together. There was only one thing he could not



Sensational new British star, Christine Norden, will show Hollywood glamor girls new technique in feminine appeal in Sir Alexander Korda's, "Mine Own Executioner," released by 20th Century-Fox.



At work, Linda Darnell and Rex Harrison play one of the many luxurious, romantic scenes for 20th Century-Fox's new production, "Unfaithfully Yours"

tell her, the most important thing of all, that he loved her

She was on leave, before her re-assignment to another group, and they thought they still had more than a week together when the news came that the Germans had broken through and Bastogne was surrounded.

Ulysses had to get back somehow, knowing how desperate the need for doctors would be. He commandeered a jeep and when it was ready, Snapshot was already sitting in it, waiting for him Looking at her face, he knew it would be useless to try to stop her from going with him.

They had almost reached Bastogne, taking wide detours along rocky little back roads, when they were suddenly caught in the crossfire of a tank battle There was a farmhouse a few yards away and they made a dash for it when a shell struck their jeep. But it didn't seem any safer there in the cellar with the house crashing down above them. Only by a miracle would they ever leave that house alive.

He had to tell her then. He had to crawl to her over the mud floor and hold her. "Listen, Snapshot," he had to shout to make himself heard. "whatever happens, whatever has happened in the past I've never been so close to realizing what life is all about, as in the time we've been together I love you, Snapshot."

She clung to him then, and though she was crying a little, she was smiling, too "Oh, Useless!" she said And as he kissed her the smile was gone and only the tears remained. "Oh, darling, darling, darling,' she whispered and the words sounded like a prayer.

The mist was lifting now The statue was clearly visible and even the skyline was beginning to take shape. Ulysses took out a cigarette and as he lit it the cover of the lighter fell off and rolled down the deck. He stooped to retrieve it and the tears he had managed to hold back before smarted against his eyes

But the tears were under control when he saw Penny. Everything was under control, under the shell he had managed to build around himself again Home, everything about home, was so familiar and yet so strange The geraniums along the path, the logs blazing in the living-room fireplace and Penny with the happiness draining out of her eyes as he kissed her. He hadn't realized how far he had gone from her until his lips touched hers and it meant nothing nothing at all

He thought it would be better when he got used to the idea of being home again But it didn't get any better He was a man going through nothing but motions until that day he went down to Chester Village and saw Bob Sunday and after that the father of the boy who had died at Anzio

It hadn't been easy confessing the guilt that lay like a brand on his heart. But after the words were out, after he told them that from then on he was going to be in the fight that had been going on down there, it was strange how the other thought came, the certainty that Penny would help him

That evening he found he could talk to her, really talk to her for the first time since his return "Penny," he said, "remember how when I left we promised each other we wouldn't change? Well, I'm afraid I've broken our bargain. I feel different about things I've lost some of the assurance I used to have and yet in another way I feel surer than I ever did before I can't really explain "

"You don't have to explain," she said quietly and her voice didn't change at all as she went on "Lieutenant McCall has she come home, too?"

"She died," he said

"Oh!" Penny looked as if something froze inside her and as she went on he knew the effort it cost her "Would you like to tell me about it?"

"Yes, Penny, I would," he said "I'd like to very much Maybe it would be easier for you if I didn't, but I couldn't go on living with this inside of me, without your sharing it. And if you can only bear with me for a while "

She looked at him and her eyes weren't frozen any more. They filled with tears as she came over and sat on the sofa beside him. "I wonder if you know," she said, "what it meant to me when you left, being the one who was left out, the one who did nothing. In all these three years, that was the worst of it, that I couldn't be near you, do things for you, share your life. My only hope was that when you came back you might need me. And now, you do need me, Lee! I'm in it again. You ask me if I can bear with you for awhile! Oh, darling, I can bear with you for as long as our lives last I love you, Lee."

She didn't kiss him. Instead she took his hand and held it as he talked. Somehow it wasn't hard telling her the way he had thought it would be. Not with his heart slowly beginning to live again in the quiet joy of knowing he was home again, really home, at long last



In private life, Mrs. Peverell Marley attends a formal party at the Mocambo. Linda is brunette again after going blonde in her next picture, "The Walls of Jericho," co-starring Cornel Wilde.

## Wake Up, Kids!

Continued from page 29

Nearly everyone has gone through the personal phenomenon of trying to do something, such as deliver a speech, sing, act, or make a good impression. You did your very best because you were in earnest, and then slowly you realized you were failing. Almost immediately you lost hope, and crept back into your shell. All right, you thought, I don't care any more. I'll just relax and not try so hard. Maybe I can have some fun out of this, after all, since I can't be a bigger flop than I already am. With your new I-Don't-Care attitude, you came out of that shell and gave it another try. The moment you began to feel this way, your nerves lost that taut rubberband tension, a real smile lit your face because it was something that represented the reckless feeling you had inside, and from that point on success was yours.

This very thing happened to me when I first started out in show business I had been signed to sing with Elsie Janis a famous vocalist of a few years ago, and



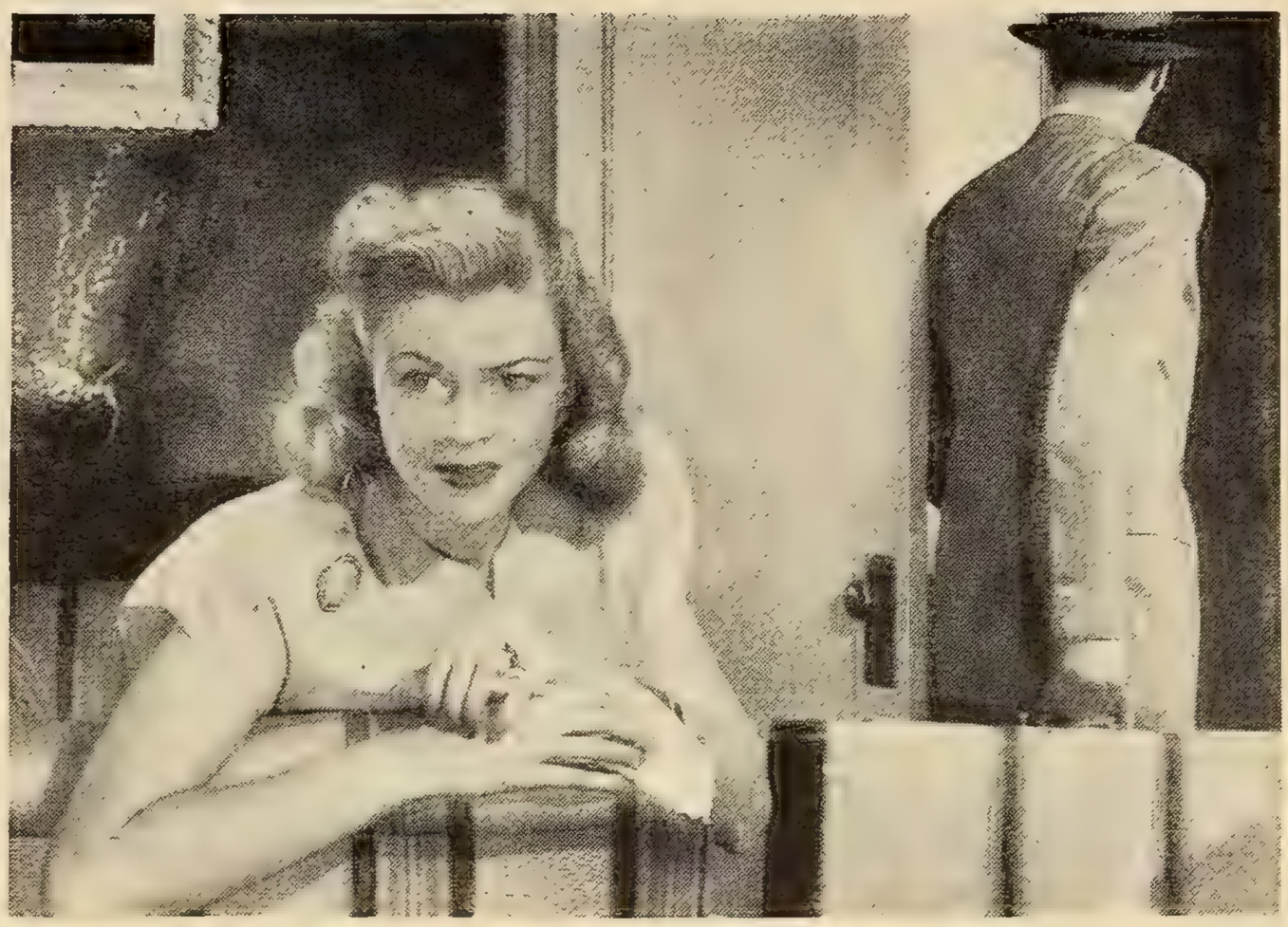
Linda reacts in the usual way at baby shower given her after adoption of baby girl.

when I first opened my mouth on the stage, the sounds that came out were horrible. I tried too hard to knock that audience dead, and instead I flopped miserably. I had to go out again during the second half of the show because I couldn't get out of it, but by then I didn't care if I was good or not, and consequently things went along much better. In fact, I was called back for three encores!

That experience has taught me two things. First, in whatever you do, don't think of yourself, but rather *lose yourself* in what you're doing. And second, nothing is of real importance if it is vital only to *one* individual. The only worthwhile things are those which affect everyone about you.

I've never forgotten those lessons I learned that night on the stage with Miss Janis. If I were to try to think collectively of all the lines, business, and other items required of me in one day, I'd be sure to have a nervous collapse.


# Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



### COULD THIS MARRIAGE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

**A. Yes . . . had the wife taken heed of her husband's increasing coolness, known the secret of thorough feminine hygiene, kept herself lovely to love.**

**Q.** What does feminine hygiene have to do with married happiness?

**A. Far more than some women realize . . . but the wise wife has the assurance of complete daintiness when she uses "Lysol" brand disinfectant regularly in the douche.**

**Q.** But many women use a douche only now and then . . . is regularity important?

**A. Yes, indeed . . . it should be a routine procedure with every married woman, and always with "Lysol." Because it has marvelous deodorant properties due to its proven ability to kill germs instantly on contact.**

**Q.** How about homemade solutions, such as salt and soda?

**A. They are old-fashioned and ineffectual, not to be compared with "Lysol's" scientific formula. "Lysol" has tested efficiency in contact with organic matter. It is both effective and safe for delicate tissues when used as directed.**

**ALWAYS USE "LYSOL"** in the douche for its efficiency in combating both germs and odors. It will help you feel you have perfect grooming, "romance appeal."



**Check with your doctor**

Many doctors recommend "Lysol" in proper solution for Feminine Hygiene, because it is non-caustic, gentle, efficient. Its clean, antiseptic odor quickly disappears, carrying away all other unpleasant odors. It is so highly concentrated that it is very economical to use. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution. Have it always handy in the bathroom.

**For Feminine Hygiene—always use**

"Lysol" Brand Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**A Concentrated Germicide**




*FREE BOOKLET!* Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J., for frankly informing FREE booklet.

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*Product of Lehn & Fink*

Instead, I learn my rôles, then *relax* and think of something else until it's time for the cameras to begin rolling.

This rule of relaxing and setting your mind at ease can apply to so many things in our daily lives. It's useful in our jobs, the development of our personalities, the way we dress, and the outlook we have For instance, have you ever tried to pretend that you were *sincere?* Have you forced yourself to say things you didn't mean? Have you driven your attention to something in which you weren't especially interested? It may be done, but it rarely works. What you're doing is trying to stimulate an emotion that isn't there, and it's bound to show I don't like the word "phony," but I think it explains fairly well the impression that such a person gives out. Unfortunately, *honesty* is not one of the human qualities that can be faked for any length of time.

It's not difficult to be basically sincere I think *simplicity* in thought and motion is a primary solution. Too many people behave according to standards which are actually alien to them; they do and say things which they don't feel but which they think they ought to do and say under given circumstances.

Take the example of the feminine costume. I can think of a good instance of *over-trying* in achieving a desired effect. Once, on a set where I was working, I noticed a very pretty extra. It was apparent from her dress that she was attempting to be glamorous, according to her concept of what a movie star should look like. It would be too much to try to describe what she was wearing, because it seemed at first glance that she had everything on. She was a riot of color, frills, and glittering ornamental jewelry pieces. You looked at her be-



**Anne Baxter and Tyrone Power find time between scenes of "The Shamrock Touch," 20th Century-Fox picture, for a relaxing laugh.**

cause she was pretty, but you soon lost interest because of her bad taste.

Then a truly lovely top-ranking star walked on the set. Was she wearing the extra's conception of what constitutes good grooming? Not on your tintype! She was a beautiful picture in a black dress of soft material, with touches of white here and there. You looked twice because you scarcely realized at first glance that it was the simplicity of her costume that made her appear so unaffectedly charming.

I think this lesson scored with the extra girl, because about two months later she was a different-looking girl. In fact, she had developed for herself a certain honest, quiet glamor. Someone must have pointed out to her that she was trying too hard, but anyway, I'm glad to report that now she's doing all right in the motion picture business.

Overdressing doesn't apply only to girls in the acting business, because I've seen bedecked and bejeweled career girls who should know better! I should think it would drive a businessman to distraction to have around him a secretary or stenographers who look as though they're gowned for a cocktail party rather than an energetic day at the office.

Don't get the idea that I advocate severity. What's more attractive than a carefully tailored suit, a little touch of appropriate jewelry, and a clever hair-do? The whole effect is simple, and it's based on an understanding that there's a *time* and *place* for each ensemble that a woman wears. Consciously contrived costumes, makeup, and hair-dos, it seems to me, can't hold a candle to those which appear *casual* and *natural*. The wearer of the former may think them artistic, but that leaves room for argument. Suppose the nose does shine a bit? More often than not, men find it intriguing. As a rule, they don't care for that perfect, *untouchable* look.

You've often heard it said that someone dresses "like a Christmas tree." What could be a worse indictment of a lady's taste? Rather than attract the opposite sex, she is more apt to repel. If this same lady would leave off half the flashes of color and gadgets she's sporting, she'd be better off

I've noticed, too, that young girls in the courting stage often make mistakes along this line. They want to impress their prospective husbands, and they figure that the best way is to doll up in such a manner that they'll hit the guys right between the eyes with their dazzling over-all pictures.

They couldn't be more in error. Men inherently like a fresh, naturally achieved simplicity in their women. These men



**Jean Peters' dressing room on the set of 20th Century-Fox's "Deep Water" is a cozy hideaway for the young starlet to study script.**

remind themselves that if they do marry, they'll have to live a long time with the girl of their choice, and they aren't apt to be particularly interested in a girl who might look good at a party because of her artificial finery, but who's certain to be a horror over the breakfast table

It's my observation that too many people take themselves too seriously, trying to be someone other than themselves. I, for instance, am really the laziest guy in the world, and I don't hesitate to admit it. I'm not beset with a burning, driving ambition. I have no soul-searing desire to play *Hamlet,* or *Cyrano,* and I'm not on a constant search for a "different" rôle. I don't know what "type" I am, and what my "style" of acting is, and I don't care. I'm happy just as long as I feel at home in whatever I'm doing.

In this scheme of having fun out of life, I think it's an excellent idea to give your inhibitions a fling once in a while. It's good for you, and as long as your giving-in doesn't hurt you or anyone else, you'll have some real fun.

If you find yourself frustrated in something, look for a way of getting around that bloc. I like crepes suzette, and as long as I can remember, I've longed to eat all I want. In restaurants they wheel up those elegant little carts, and make a big thing out of serving them. They rarely serve me enough, and I've never had the nerve to ask for more.

Did I fret about this apparent injustice to my gastronomical desires? I decided that there was an easy way around it—I'd just go home and make all I wanted! And, with that thought firmly planted in my mind, it wasn't too long before I was turning out dozens of crepes suzette that were just as good as any I've eaten at Romanoff's.

To sum up these personal views of mine, it's my opinion that a goodly amount of humor is something you can hardly get along without. It's the best tonic in the world for what may ail you, and take all you can. It helps you build a generous philosophy of life.

I like to think that I've developed a philosophy that keeps me on an even keel through all sorts of times. I've discovered that few things are ever as bad as they seem at first glance, and that there's very little that can't be helped with a *direct,* and perhaps even *comical* treatment.

If you can't tell a joke, or take a joke at your own expense, or enjoy being kidded, you need to get yourself off to a corner and have a good talk with yourself. Happy, gay, and cheerful people are like sunshine—they're welcome anywhere.

Look what happened to me! I think I'm a fairly good tennis player, so one day Van Johnson and I thought we'd put on a tennis match for the benefit of a worthy charity. We approached the board chairman of the organization, and he seemed delighted with the whole idea.

"We'll be happy to arrange it, Mr. Pidgeon," he beamed. Then he paused for a long moment. "There's only one thing," he finally went on. "You'll have to guarantee that Mr. Van Johnson will be there!"

Well, can *you* beat that one?


Are you in the know?



**When it's a foursome, what's your policy?**

- ☐ *Fair play*
- ☐ *All's fair in love*
- ☐ *Leave the field to Sue*

Even if he's snareable, don't be a male robber. Play fair. Avoid hurting others. Besides, a halo can be mighty becoming. And when trying days needle you, seek the comforting angel-softness of *new* Kotex. The kind of softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to *stay* soft while you wear it. Strictly genius! So is the snug, comfortable fit of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's all-elastic—non-binding!



**What's your winning weapon?**

- ☐ *Sharp chatter*
- ☐ *Samba know-how*
- ☐ *That starry-eyed look*

Chin music and fancy footwork may be fine. But try that starry-eyed look. It's accomplished with a colorless brow-and-lash cream that helps condition 'em. Makes lashes seem longer. (Glamour for your lids, too, if Mom vetoes eye shadow). To win self-confidence on "those" days, turn to Kotex — for the *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines. Likewise, for the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center.* Your secret weapon against secret woes!



**Would a smart "red head" wear—**

- ☐ *Pink*
- ☐ *Orange*
- ☐ *Cerise*

So you're tired of "traditional" colors. You crave a change to—(s-sh!) *pink*—but you've heard it's taboo for red heads. Well, wear that dreamy pink confection. With beauty experts' blessing! Any *pale* pink with a subtle gold tone; like a very delicate flesh or coral. It's smart to be sure your choice is right. And for problem days, you're smart to choose exactly the right napkin. Try all *3 sizes* of Kotex! Find the one that suits *your* needs.




*More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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by Milady



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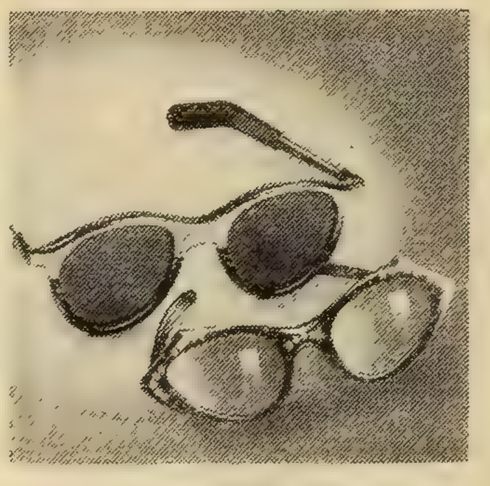

# Guide to Glamor



Left, Maybelline has a new trim red plastic case for its 25 cent size mascara. Right kisses won't tell when you use Renoir's Lip-Stae over any lipstick.



"Quickies" give a quick skin clean-up



Grantly's sunglasses are completely glamorous




Red Cross Cotton Balls for a dozen good uses.

FOR the bird on the wing, for the stay-at-home, here is midsummer beauty

The cunning new red plastic case for example, that holds Maybelline mascara in the 25 cent size. It's a cutie, slim, trim, filled to the brim, in black, brown, blue Neat as a pin, it can't get messy Fits your handbag, too. At beauty counters everywhere. Plus the usual tax.

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You don't know what a beauty trick you're missing if you don't use sunglasses, especially the Grantly creations Not only do they protect precious sight against the harmful sun rays, discourage squint and frown lines, but they add a new and lovely look to any face The new beauties above are gold-like metal, nontoxic and proof against tarnish, on black or shell at $3; the rhinestone set frames come in upsweep design, in costume colors, at $1. In department and drug stores.

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## Travel Orders

Continued from page 16

own is partly curly, and if I have it set a few days before taking off, I have no trouble. If the curls at the back of my neck look too loose, then I roll them up with a bob pin or two. Most of us have a hair area that doesn't behave too well, the back or bangs, perhaps. I think too many girls wait until the last moment to do or have their hair done before Big Dates. The result too often is a stiff, set hair look when they need to look their best."

I looked at Miss Hunt's glinting casual bob; decided that this is an univerally good warm-weather style, young, brisk, pretty, and one that is harmonious with this season's headgear.

"I love plane travel," continued our lady, "but on a train I catch up on rest and sleep. I usually get in three good days by the latter. And a vacation or trip should mean rest for everyone, and by rest, I mean change. A trip is adventure, and any girl can make it that if she goes determined to take what comes in good spirit and avoid complaints. There are plenty of reasons for them, but it is embarrassing to hear complaints about poor food, a late schedule and so on, when the waiters and attendants have nothing to do with it. Get this off your chest by writing to the managers, if you must. They invite letters of this nature."

We went back to beauty and landed on the subject of cake makeup. Miss Hunt offers two excellent points. Use it lightly and after applying, brush your skin lightly with fingertips or cotton, if you want that luminous, flawless effect that this makeup can give when used correctly. Remember your neck and use on it whatever you use on your face, blending very lightly to your neckline. A professional thought: if you want to avoid any color mark from this on collar or neckline, brush this makeup very carefully to remove any powder residue.

A call went out for Martha Hunt. She vanished. The rehearsal began.

Here are some more trip tips memoranda. Try the chain stores for small sizes in much of the beauty you need to take. Be sure of plenty of cleansing tissues, of cotton for powder, nail enamel removal, and many other needs. Don't forget the soap flakes. Hotels don't furnish these, and your nylons, gloves, etc. will need them. If the box is cumbersome, pour a sufficient quantity in a paper bag and flatten out when packing. Instead of the bulk of your precious perfume, get one of those dispenser gadgets, cute for your handbag and proof against spill and waste. A hair net will keep your curls intact by day and protect them while you sleep. Do remember a suntan lotion or sun-proof cream, and your sunglasses, if you're going in for exposure. Remember, above all, a little gift for your hostess if you are to be a guest. Eau de Cologne, dusting powder, perfume in the gift packages are always welcome. Do enjoy every minute of going away so that coming back will be an equal joy—the joy of talking about it.


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## Life with Hope

Continued from page 27

figured it out. Bob is a very smart man. He has a good business head and he doesn't act the comedian all over the place constantly. Some comedians act the fool all the time. But Bob never sticks his neck out; never puts himself in a vulnerable position. He never makes a fool of himself. He moves only when he knows everything is favorable. He is completely conscious of how other people feel, and wouldn't hurt them for the world. He loves to tease people, but he studies them first to see how they will take his gags. He knows just how far he can go with his razzing routine—and he never goes a step farther. He takes personal things and makes gags about them If some tiny thing is wrong, he kids you about it."

After the first few weeks during which Bob was friendly but never pulled any gags on Jane, he suddenly began addressing her as "Lumpy." If Jane had been offended, he probably would have ended his gags right then and there. But Jane knew that Bob took great pride in the fact that he'd lost seven pounds just before starting the picture. So she hurled the nickname "Fat" at him.

"I'm losing so much weight making this picture," said Bob, "the first thing you know I'll be another Sinatra."

"You *think* you're losing weight!" said Jane scornfully. "I can't see it."

From that day on, each kept kidding the other about being too fat. One day the script called for Bob to carry Jane over the threshold of an ancient cobweb-covered cabin. Bob groaned as he picked Jane up in his arms. "Let's knock this off in one take," he told director Norman McLeod. "I'm a big strong man, but not strong enough to go through this routine too often."

On the other hand, when a scene called for Bob to be thrown into Jane's arms, she groaned, then said, "You know, Bob, you weigh about as much as my husband —and he's a football hero, so there's some excuse for him, but none for you."

One day Bob Waterfield, Jane's husband, visited the set. That afternoon Bob Hope acted very nervous as he went through his love scenes with Jane. "What's the matter, Bob?" said Norman McLeod. "You act as nervous as if this were your own wedding night."

"I *am* just about that nervous," admitted Bob. "Take a gander over there." He pointed to where Bob Waterfield and his buddy, Tommy Harmon, his teammate on the Los Angeles Rams, were watching from the sidelines.

"Bob Hope," Jane told me, "is tremendously interested in football. He is part owner of a professional football team, the Los Angeles Rams. The afternoon my husband visited the set, Hope announced the fact to me by saying, 'It seems we have a football player on the set today.' When my husband came up to Bob to be introduced, he said he hoped my husband would be able to visit the set often, but Bob explained he wouldn't be able to visit it again because of the strict training rules."

During the making of the picture, Bob put on a continual free show for visitors, as he always does between scenes. There was one scene in which Bob was bound to a bent-down tree. The scene was cut just as two tomahawks flew down and the bent tree was released. Of course, a dummy had been substituted at this point for Bob Hope's body. As he watched the body which was supposed to be his flying through the air, Bob said, "Just imagine if that really was me. I'd be traveling east and west at the same time. If I were a chicken bone, I could even make a wish."

One of the funniest scenes in the picture involves Bob's hiding in an undertaker's parlor. Temporarily he finds refuge from a group of gun-smuggling renegades by hiding under a sheet. But during this scene, the sheet under which Bob is hiding is set on fire, the fire is extinguished with water, and a cat shares Bob's refuge with him. Bob took all this punishment like the good sport he is, but when it was over, he said, "Boy, those guys must have been a rugged bunch to have been able to stand all this punishment after kicking the bucket."

Then he began peering under the sheets, which supposedly held men who had been killed in gun-battles. Peering under the first sheet, he said, "Oh, no, it can't be! They shouldn't be burying Barney Dean. It's only his gags that are dead." (Barney Dean is Bob Hope's favorite gag writer, and works with him on every picture.)

When Bob first saw Jane in her old lady makeup, he said, "Oh, good heavens! I never saw a grandma with *that* kind of build before."

By this time Bob and Jane were really buddies. They had been from the first in a way, but they hadn't completely understood each other until they had tested each other with gags and sarcastic remarks. Now Jane sat down on Bob's lap with her makeup on. "People will be saying that you can't get anyone but an old lady to sit on your lap," laughed Jane. When she got off, Bob, who had been talking on the phone, said over the phone, "Jane Russell has been sitting on my lap. Wait till my heart starts beating again."

Later Jane was asked to pose for some portraits in makeup, to be used to advertise a benefit in which she was interested. Jane looked completely serious as she and George Jessel posed for these photos. "Don't you think," said Bob, "you ought to crack a smile, Lumpy, for a change? Otherwise people will think that this benefit is for the Pierce Brothers." (Hollywood undertakers).

While they were making "The Paleface" Bob learned that Jane has an excellent singing voice—so appealing, in fact, that Columbia Records has put out a group of records with Jane called "Turn Out the Lights." Occasionally between scenes Jane would burst into song, while her friend Portia would play the piano.

Bob enjoyed these singing sessions so much that one day he said to Jane,

"Won't you try to sing today between scenes?"

"Sure," laughed Jane, "if you'll try to be funny."

The fact that Jane had proved that she could take everything that Bob dished out and then go him one or two better only made them better pals. "What a gal," breathed Bob to his friend. "You know I never realized before I made 'The Paleface' what girls working with me in pictures have to go through. I always enjoyed the three-ring circus that exists on all my pictures, with a constant stream of visitors coming on the set. I'm such a ham I love to be on all the time. But during the first couple of weeks on this picture, I didn't feel well and for the first time in my life it was an effort to keep on smiling. Believe me, I was grateful for the fact that I had as a co-star a girl as amiable as Jane. No matter how nutty the scenes were that we were called upon to do or what screwy photographs we had to pose for, Jane never complained. She took the constant tide of visitors as nonchalantly as though she'd been working on Hope sets all her life."

Jane met Bob Waterfield when she was in the ninth grade and developed quite a crush on him, but he didn't start taking her out until she was a senior in the Van Nuys High School. From that time on, they went together steadily, except for three months when they weren't talking to each other. Jane and Bob were married around Easter, 1942. (If this date turns out to be wrong, don't blame me. Blame Jane. She gets dates mixed up.)

Shortly afterwards "Doll Face," as she calls her husband, was inducted into the Army and stationed in Columbus, Georgia. "Banjo Eyes," as he calls her, decided that she would rather stay with Bob in Columbus, even though she could see him only week-ends, than go on tour with "The Outlaw." Displeased at first by her refusal to tour with the picture, Howard Hughes took her off salary. "Banjo Eyes" went down to Columbus, anyway, and got a job in a beauty parlor where she earned $36 a week. She averaged six customers a day, and nearly all of them were women who were curious to see what she looked like. They were also curious about Hollywood. "Do tell us about Hollywood, my dear," they would say. Jane set them straight, and revealed Hollywood as a town of hard-working people not very different in essentials from Columbus, Georgia.

Meanwhile in the evenings, Jane and her cousin, Patricia Henry, would go to the apartment they shared and talk over their experiences. Because her husband could be with her only week-ends Jane decided that she would be happier working with Pat and spending daytimes with her as well as evenings. Pat had a job selling bonds from an army tank. She earned $27.50 a week. For this princely stipend and the company of her cousin, Jane gave up her own beauty parlor job.

After a few months of this and of trying to pay half the rent on a $75 apartment on a salary of $27.50 a week, Jane decided to have another talk with Howard Hughes in Hollywood.

"Why should I put you on salary if





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you're not willing to work in pictures?" he wanted to know.

"But I *am* willing to work. I'll make any picture you ask me to, provided I can spend as much time as possible between pictures with my husband."

So Howard Hughes put her on salary again, and Jane went back to Columbus, while Howard Hughes went back to making planes. He paid her salary for about a year without casting her in another picture. Then he agreed to loan her for "Young Widow," an independently produced picture.

Jane is very frank about the rôles she has played. Of "The Outlaw," she says, "I liked the rôle, but I acted like a wooden stick in the picture. I just didn't know how to act." Of "Young Widow," she said, "I played a dull girl in a dull picture."

She's much more hopeful about her rôle in "The Paleface." "I play *Calamity Jane* straight and sarcastic," she says.

Though the real Jane can be sarcastic on occasion, she's also kind-hearted. Witness her plan to run a series of benefits for the paraplegic veterans of World War II. Several of the youngsters Jane knows had given parties for the disabled veterans at Birmingham Hospital. Jane noticed how difficult it was for them to get into an ordinary home. Since they were paralyzed, they had to be carried inside, and up the stairs. She decided that the entertainment world ought to do something more to help these paraplegics than anyone had yet done. Why not a series of benefits to raise $100,000 with which to buy land in the San Fernando Valley? Then this land could be divided into lots, on which the disabled veterans could build their own homes.

When Jane told Bob Hope her idea, he said, "That's a swell idea. Let's do it."

"Bob," laughed Jane, "never gets excited about anything, but is always ready to cooperate on any venture that will help disabled servicemen. He has probably taken part in more benefits than anyone else in the country."

Just as Jane found life with Bob Hope very satisfactory on the set, so she's finding her life with Bob Waterfield off the set completely satisfactory. Jane never gushes, but if you goad her on, she will tell you of either Bob, "He's wonderful."

She and Bob Waterfield live with his mother in a home in Van Nuys, but are building a new home for the future. Jane, one of whose greatest hobbies is decorating, is planning the decorations for the new home herself. She has several unusual ideas: for instance, a drapery closet with pull drapes in four different colors. She once read an article saying that colors influence your moods, so why not, she says, have different colors for different moods? On the days when she can stand red, she'll have that color. On days when she'd rather have chartreuse or peacock blue drapes, she'll have those. And there will be drapes in one more color, not decided yet. The bedroom will be on one side of the house, the living room on the other, with the closet with the pull drapes in between. She'll be able to pull drapes she wants into either room. Another idea of Jane's is changeable lamp shades.

Although Jane is fascinated by decorating, other phases of homemaking don't interest her. She admits candidly that she can't cook. "I won't ever be a housewife, I'm afraid. Bob's a good cook. He says, 'Hand me the pepper, hand me the butter, hand me the flour,' and I hand them to him. I make the salads, set the table and wash the dishes. When I'm working and Bob's on tour, I usually eat out."

Asked if she'd like to have children, Jane said, "Yes, I'd like to have a boy and a girl." But she doesn't know whether or not she'll retire after she has children.

Meanwhile, she's grateful to Bob Hope



**Dotty Lamour, dazzling in a black sequined gown, does a Grecian dance in Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love," co-starring Don Ameche.**

for giving her what she considers the best opportunity she's had in pictures since "The Outlaw."

"Bob was very helpful to me all through the making of the picture," Jane told me. "I was very grateful whenever he had a suggestion to make. I can use help. After all, I haven't had much experience in pictures. But Bob never made his suggestions brusquely. He was very tactful."

For the first time on the screen, you'll see a girl in "The Paleface" who's something like the real Jane Russell. Not that Jane can shoot the way *Calamity Jane* could, but she can hold her own in other ways.

The rôle should establish Jane Russell on the screen for the first time as an actress who can act. At least she hopes so. And why not? Where there's Bob, there's Hope.

## Come Along with Cobina to the Best Hollywood Parties!

Continued from page 41

ican hat dance as it's commonly called.

Bette's guests of honor proved to be most charming and most Southern. Because Bette lives at Laguna most of the time she arranged with the studio to let Mr. and Mrs. Williams stay in her beautiful house right on the Warner lot. Mrs. Williams was particularly thrilled since this was her first trip to Hollywood, although she has entertained Bette on numerous occasions when the star was in the South. As Mrs. Williams said in her delightful Southern accent, "Imagine, Mrs. Wright, openin' your front dohr every mahnin' and seein' Joan Crawford and Humphrey Bogart!"

The opening of my friends, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, in their comedy success, "O Mistress Mine," drew a host of celebrities to greet this gifted couple, who haven't been seen on the West Coast since before the war. Among the first nighters for the brilliant affair were Barbara Bel Geddes, Ann Miller, Jacqueline White, Cesar Romero, Clifton Webb, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, the Louis Jourdans and the Tim Whelans.

After the final curtain several of us dropped by at the Rouben Mamoulians' who were leaving for New York the next day. It was a balmy summer evening and the Mamoulians had their garden festooned in tropical fashion. To make it even more exotic, Rouben's colorful pet macaw, Pancho, kept flying about, scolding the waiters or landing on Rouben's shoulder to say something confidential in the host's ear. "Pancho does everything but mix the drinks," Azadia (Mrs. Rouben Mamoulian, the noted sculptress,) said to me. "He's the pet of all our pets. We'd be lost without him." In fact, everyone was amused by Pancho's chatter except Reginald Gardiner, who was trying to concentrate on a game of gin rummy. After the macaw had given one particularly raucous screech, Reggie looked up and said in his clipped British way, "Goodness, that bird needs oiling!"

At a cocktail party at Atwater Kent's the other afternoon, Gregory Peck told me that Lassie now has a lawyer! It's true. The lawyer's name is Sidney Resnick. So when I was having dinner that evening with Bob Hope and his charming wife, Dolores, at the Town House, I told Bob, thinking he would get a kick out of it.

Bob looked at me seriously. "You know, Cobina," he said, "the way business has been this last year, Lassie needs one! Why, just the other day," said Bob continuing with the mock-serious expression, "I was outside the office of an important producer when the door opened and a dejected-looking agent came out with a furiously angry horse. 'All right, wise guy,' neighed the animal, 'maybe next time you'll let *me* do the talking!'"

One of the most amusing evenings I've spent recently was at the birthday party which Preston Sturges gave for his protegée, Frances Ramsden. Rupert Hughes, the distinguished author, was there, and




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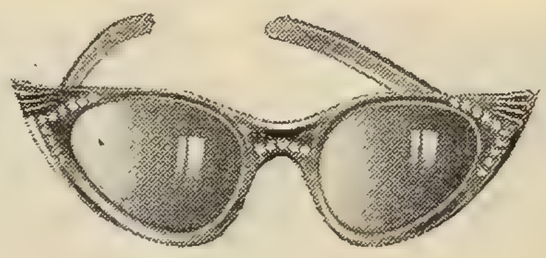
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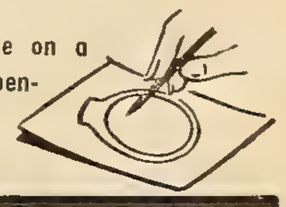



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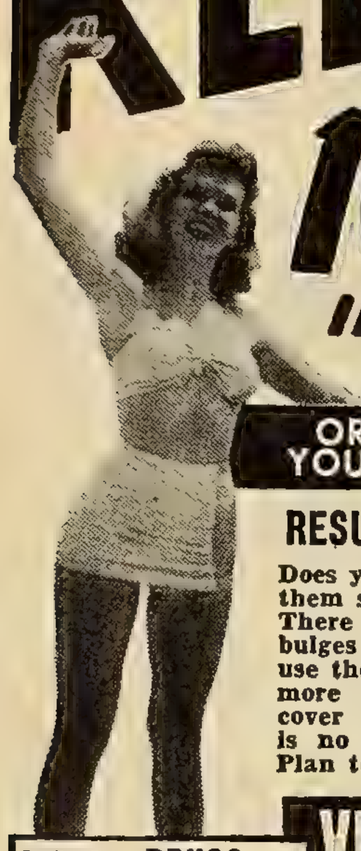
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Ray Milland visits Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" set in England, while the Paramount star was making "So Evil My Love," with British star Ann Todd. Of course, conversation got around to the well-known "Oscar." Ray won his in 1945 for "The Lost Weekend"; Olivier, last year for "Henry V."

when Rudy Vallee finished singing the birthday serenade, he said to me, "Now that's one of the best imitations of Rudy Vallee I have ever heard!"

Earlier in the evening Rupert introduced himself to Linda Darnell, who looked ravishing in an ivory satin and gold-brocaded gown, by saying, "How do you do? I'm Rupert Hughes. I'm the man who wrote 'Forever Amber.'"

The Rex Harrisons (Lilli Palmer), Linda and her husband, Pev Marley, Kurt Krueger, Selena Royle, Barbara Lawrence and her husband, John Fontaine, Pat Van Iver, Vic Orsatti and the rest joined in singing "Happy Birthday" to Frances when the cake was brought in with a typical Hollywood director's touch. It had a spotlight focussed on it!

It was so nice to see adorable little Jean Simmons again at a cocktail party which the Walter Wangers gave for the petite British brunette in the red and white Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. I had met Jean at the J. Arthur Rank studios when I was in England and I thought her most charming. Jean was visiting Hollywood en route to the Fiji Islands, where they were going to make location shots for "The Blue Lagoon."

Walter and Joan Bennett wanted to give Jean a real Hollywood welcome, and all the guests were delighted with Jean's sweet, retiring and naïve manner. She actually brought with her a blue and gold autograph album and asked June Allyson, Dick Powell, the Louis Jourdans, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Gene Markey, and Peter Lawford to sign it.

Everyone was pleased, too, to see Lady Mendl, who is quite recovered from her recent serious illness. She was in great spirits, and when she saw little Elizabeth Taylor in a "New Look" dress, she quoted the Duchess of Windsor's remark to reporters when she landed in New York. "My legs are still 'see-worthy,'" said Lady Mendl. Sir Charles and Lady Mendl also gave a dinner party for the Alfred Lunts which attracted a record crowd of filmland favorites, including the seldom-seen Greta Garbo.

I had a long talk with Garbo, who told me that she had planned on producing a picture in her native Sweden, but that the present state of affairs in Europe had caused her to abandon the idea.

Maria Montez, dressed to the teeth, came over and asked me how I liked the very dapper mustache which her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, was wearing, while Sam and Frances Goldwyn counted votes on the various opinions. Before the evening was over, Jean Pierre went home and shaved it off!

While I was chatting with Paulette Goddard, artist Salvador Dali came over and asked Paulette if he could do her hands, because he thought they were the most expressive he had ever seen. Paulette smiled prettily and said, "Can't you just do the nails? I haven't had a decent manicure in months!"

## Of Duff and Stuff

Continued from page 25

to parties where he's privileged to be a spectator and not a participant. He loves music, old Louis Armstrong records running a fast favorite. With no desire to "compete with James Mason," he's crazy about cats. Rumor reports a heartbreaking romance in his enigmatic personal past, supposed religious complications being the cause, but just *try* and get Howard to talk. "Of course I'd like to be married," he'll tell you in no uncertain tones. Gibraltar should live so long, before he'll be induced to enlarge on that one!

Not too long ago there was Yvonne DeCarlo and the mystery engagement ring that *didn't* lead to wedding bells. Hollywood strongly suspects it might have been a publicity stunt. Put the question to him—and Howard lights a cigarette! There was a red head with him one night at Schwabs Drugstore There was a blonde, a brunette, a dinner with Doris Day, which was a publicity "date" for a Beverly Hills restaurant. There was a romance with (and still is, in a manner of speaking)—glamorous Ava Gardner.

When Ava started "One Touch of Venus," Howard's flowers were the first to arrive on the set. A favorite dropping-in place is the "Ready Room" on La Cienega Boulevard, where a corner table is conducive to conversation. There was that moonlit night they "did" every concession on the Ocean Park Pier. One look at Howard's face when *he* looks at Ava and you pretty much know what he thinks. Recently a well-known Hollywood columnist tried to get him to elaborate on the subject.

"Ava Gardner's a terrific girl," said Howard. And there the interview came to a decisive turning point.

During one period the situation looked serious. Ava wasn't also dating Robert Walker, Peter Lawford, and the various escorts Howard is sharing her with today. Then something happened. No one knows what and no one is going to find out if they expect either Howard or Ava to enlighten them. They stopped seeing each other altogether. Now they are friends again and it's a general impression that career, at long last, comes first with Ava. Twice disillusioned in marriage (to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw) she obviously has no immediate plans to marry Howard or anyone else

It was some thirty odd years ago when a son was born to Hazel and Carlton Duff. This was Howard. They were living in Charleston (later changed to Bremerton) Washington. There was a step-brother who was older by ten years. Douglas Duff arrived on the scene when Howard was two. Grandpa Edward Duff (who was mayor for 15 years) practically controlled the town. Because of his various holdings and interests, the boys enjoyed privileges that really set them up with the neighborhood kids. "We were big men in Charleston!" says Howard with that deadpan face, as his eyes gleam with amusement at the memory.


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When he was four, his family moved to Seattle. At odd moments Howard showed himself to be a child of hypersensitivity and in strange contrast succeeded in becoming the toughest kid on the block. With brother Douglas as his henchman, he organized "Duffy's Gang." They slugged it out with "The Sheiks" (who wore bath towel turbans) in Ravenna Park. In vain did the mothers of his youthful victims despair. It never occurred to anyone that he might be a kid who was fighting against being hurt himself.

Much deeper perhaps than even Howard is aware, are the roots of sensitivity. As he grew up it became all too evident that he had to learn his lessons from life himself. And each was to leave a lasting impression. There was Fran, for example Beautiful redheaded 16-year-old Fran. Howard was 15, and looked much older for his age.

"Every fellow at Roosevelt High wanted to be Fran's partner at the Tolo Dance, where the girls invite the boys," Howard reminisces. "I couldn't even dance, but when Fran selected *me*, the whole world glowed with excitement and pleasure."

Alas, the ways of a maid with a man! Her hand in his, Fran lead Howard outside where she produced a bottle of straight alcohol. Nonchalantly taking a deep swig, she held out the bottle to him. Having never tasted anything stronger than near-beer, he manfully, trustingly drank. All hell broke loose in his throat, and years passed before he ever touched liquor again.

During his senior year, playing touch football, Howard fell and broke his foot. So he transferred his interests in athletics to Emma Jergensen's dramatic class. An oral recitation, which he insists "I did in an Italian dialect with no shame," won for him the good teacher's enthusiasm and two rôles in the high school production of "Seventh Heaven." That magnificent escape from reality did the trick. An actor was born.

Howard graduated in 1932 at the peak of the depression. With him into this chaos went the memory of a disillusionment that puts him on the defensive in friendship, even today. His best pal, the friend he admired and trusted, suddenly turned. No amount of urging can persuade Howard to enlarge on the details.

"He was my friend. I believed in him and he told lies about me," he sums it up crisply. The corners of his mouth tighten. He looks away when he says it.

On rare occasions you get the feeling that Howard *does* want to talk about a lot of things. You get the feeling, too, that he does want and needs friends. But instinctively he seems to look for a motive when friendship is offered, undoubtedly because he has been smacked down too often. You feel he's a romantic sentimentalist, who can never quite forget that reality is forever just around the corner. Just when you feel he is about to open up and talk, up comes that wall.

From 1932 to 1937 Howard worked at anything and everything because he had to work. But he was still serious about acting, and completely incompetent when it came to anything else. Through Emma Jergensen's recommendation, the Seattle Repertory Theater eventually took him in. A disc jockey job opened up a whole new world in radio. From staff announcer on KOMO, he went on tour with the Washington State Theater. Eventually he landed in San Francisco—broke.

"I never seemed to hit a happy medium," he recalls. "Either my stomach was full and I had a place to live—or I felt like I didn't have a stomach at all and I was trying to borrow a buck."

As staff announcer on San Francisco's KFRC, his distinctive, resonant voice won for him "The Phantom Pilot." In Hollywood, where the program had moved, he was on for two and a half years. Eight months before the United States entered the war, Howard was in uniform. He acted, directed, announced, and produced one of the first army radio programs in 1941. After serving at Saipan, Guam, and Iwo Jima, with enough points to his credit he was honorably discharged on November 16, 1945.

Howard returned to Hollywood and radio. In July of 1946, he got *Sam Spade* (the top mystery program according to a recent report) and has been playing him ever since. An excellently acted rôle at the Actors' Lab in "Birthday" paved the way to pictures. Jules Dassin, who directed the play, remembered Duff when he was signed by the late Mark Hellinger to direct "Brute Force." They drew up a contract; Howard signed.

"During the years I've been in radio," Howard sums it up, "what I'm like in person was more or less taken for granted. As a point in proof, some of the listeners who saw me for the first time in "Brute Force" were quite taken aback. Up to that period, so their letters conceded, there existed a sort of general impression of *Sam Spade*. As nearly as I can make out, they visualized the generous proportions of a Sydney Greenstreet wearing a Humphrey Bogart face!

"So now here I am in the picture business where it's part of your job to project your own personality, as well as the character you've been hired to portray. In a sense I feel I'm performing two jobs at one time. It's sort of a challenge, which I am happy to accept. And to be quite honest, I think most actors should learn to be more objective about themselves. Certainly I should."

Upon completing his recent rôle in "All My Sons," with his father now gone, Howard sent for his mother to visit him in Hollywood. The charming, dignified, gray-haired lady thus describes and best explains, perhaps, her devoted son:

"Howard never did have a great deal to say. He preferred to read and remain in the world of his own imagination. I think his worst fault is either violently liking something—or violently disliking it. There is no happy medium. However, when he accepts a responsibility, anything he does he always does with *all his might*. It's *his* way of saying, this is everything I have to offer—the best I have to give."

For Howard Duff especially this story is written—in the hope that some of the things that *should* be said, *have* been said. Things he could never say for himself.

## Your Guide to Current Films

Continued from page 15

beautiful and convincing as ever. Ralph Richardson gives a powerful performance as her husband, whose personal feelings never interfere with his social and religious convictions. The costumes and set decorations are superb.

### The Pirate
*MGM*

A musical extravaganza has Judy Garland as a romantic Spanish girl who reads and dreams of the dashing pirate, *Macoco*. She meets an itinerant actor (Gene Kelly), who poses as the pirate to intrigue her. It turns out that Judy's fat financé (Walter Slezak) is the real *Macoco* in hiding, and Gene has to do some fast thinking to straighten things out. The story isn't much and Judy has done better, but the film has the photographic effects and amazing dance routines now associated with anything displaying Gene Kelly's artistry.

### Fury at Furnace Creek
*20th Century-Fox*

Victor Mature is the dashing hero of this rip-roarin' Western about a son's vindication of his father's trial and conviction in connection with alleged treason to his country. There's a lot of shooting, several lusty fights and wild chases, some broad comedy and a little romance with Coleen Gray, who has a piquant face, is far more spirited than the average western heroine, and bears watching. Vic and Glenn Langan, who plays his brother, look mighty slick in their flashy Western regalia.

### The Noose Hangs High
*Eagle Lion*

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are their usual comic selves as a couple of window washers who unwittingly come by some "hot" money, shove it into an outgoing circular and track it down to its recipient, a lovely secretary (Cathy Downs) who's already spent it. She tries to recoup the money via the horse races but loses, and the three are almost annihilated by the interested gangsters, but everything turns out all right in the end—in the usual irrelevant manner

### Winter Meeting
*Warner Bros.*

A confused plot, if any, is not helped by a full collection of Bette Davis' mannerisms and a new set of gimmicks, consisting this time of chain-smoking and coffee-drinking, not only by the star but by her new leading man, James Davis. These nervous habits are likely to affect some sensitive moviegoers, a condition that won't be helped by Mr. Davis' (no relation) camera fright. Bette is an inhibited spinster-poetess who has a first, quick and short romance with a younger naval hero. Only Janis Paige, as an uninhibited gal who also wants Davis and John Hoyt, as a crochety but vastly amusing friend, give the film a few bright moments.

---

## My Man Mac

Continued from page 21

in the least unhappy about seeing him again.

He arrived the next day with a snowball of white carnations for me in one hand and a "growler" of beer in the other. Now that "growler" of beer business threw me at first until Mac explained that it was a term handed down from workers in the mines. Seems the men would bring their lunch in the pail, finish their food, and then fill the pail with beer. And so Mac and I drank it out of the can—and that led eventually to the first kiss, unromantic though it sounds.

Somehow, we didn't get much work done on the scenes. Instead, Mac proposed to me right then and there. He definitely knew what he wanted. Everything was clear in his mind. I liked the idea of becoming Mrs. MacDonald Carey and every instinct I had said to say, "Yes," but I told him I thought we ought to wait for a while. I wanted to be sure I wasn't acting on any impulse. Besides, I had a lot of beaus at the time and I had the typical feminine cockiness in not wanting to get myself tied down too soon. I had that natural young girl's dread of being tied down too soon. So, against my wishes, I told Mac to wait.

For the next year and a half, Mac proposed—and I kept on fighting to say, "No." After all, I decided, when a woman is being courted is the only time in her life when she can lead the man around. After she marries, *she's* led—and usually likes it. During this time, Mac was doing daytime soap operas on radio—and so was I, but we seldom ran into each other at the radio studios.

It was while Mac was rehearsing for his first big Broadway break, "Lady in the Dark," with Gertrude Lawrence, that we decided to announce our engagement. Then came the discussions of the wedding. My family wanted a big wedding Mac didn't much approve of that but as it turned out, we had a very large Philadelphia main-line social affair with all the trimmings—and plenty of loot, I might add. Mac kept saying it was too much fuss, but since it meant so much to my parents, I told him he might as well make the best of it. The payoff was that Mac had so much fun at the reception that I almost had to drag him away to catch our train to New York in time.

We were married on Sunday, May 4, out of pure necessity—in a way. "Lady in the Dark" was running and Mac couldn't get any time off from the show except on Sunday to marry me. As it was, we got on the train at ten at night the day we were married and arrived in New York at midnight. The next morn-





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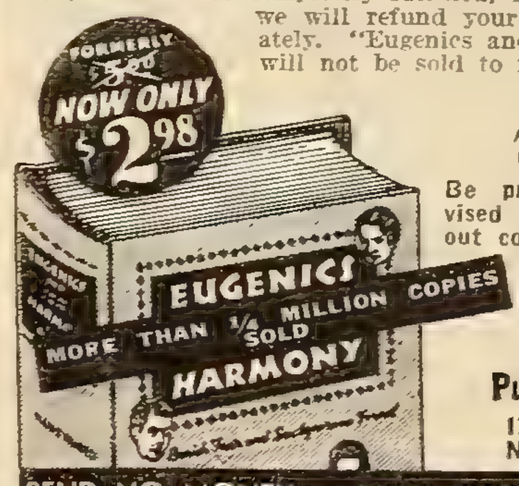
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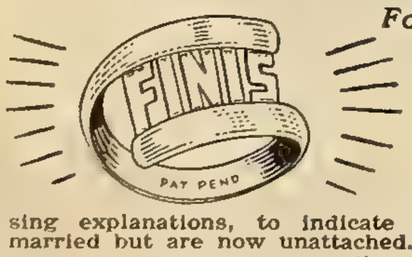

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ing at nine, Mac had to do a radio show and that evening there was a performance of "Lady in the Dark" to do, so we had no honeymoon. Three weeks later, however, we were remarried in the Catholic Church. I didn't happen to be a Catholic, so when I was converted I had to be baptized. And here is the funny part of the story. I had no friends who were of that religion and none of Mac's close friends was around, so we called Victor Mature, who was in the show with Mac, at six one morning and asked him to come down and be my godfather at the christening.

I might add that with my marriage, any career ideas I may have had abruptly disappeared. Mac put his foot down from the first.

Mac's success in "Lady in the Dark" got him a contract with Paramount, so in the latter part of June we left New York and drove out to Hollywood in *my* Buick. I still think Mac married me to get my car and a trip to Hollywood. Anyway, we took ten days driving out, had ourselves a honeymoon.

The first few months in Hollywood were very tough on my ambitious husband. Mac is a person who can't stand being idle. It drives him crazy. He was excited about going into pictures, but the interminable time between pictures was almost more than he could take. There wasn't much I could do for him then. It would have been silly to sympathize with him because that would not have helped him in the least. Fortunately, Mac is the kind of person who makes up things to keep him busy.

After he had three pictures wrapped up for himself, he decided he had to enlist in the Marines. I wanted him to do two more films to help him build up his name more, but all he could think of was enlisting. I did respect him for that determination, so I said no more about it. He went down to the Marine recruiting offices to enlist but failed to pass the physical because he was color blind. That didn't stop him, however. He heard of the Bates system, a new approach to the correction of eye weaknesses, and immediately started on an intensive course to correct this fault. He took all of the required exercises very seriously, but I could hardly keep from laughing as I watched him go through the strangest routines—such as holding a pencil in front of him and staring at it as he slowly drew it closer and closer to his eyes.


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At the end of two months, he had worked so hard that he had completely cured himself of his color blindness—and the Marines took him.

Before he left to go into service, I mentioned that I thought I would go back into radio. He reared up on his size elevens and said, "No wife of mine is going to associate with those unattached radio guys, while I'm away!" So Mrs. Carey forgot about radio and took herself back to Philadelphia and mama instead. All of the time Mac was away in service, I wasn't idle either. I took up courses in typing and shorthand and in a short time was making the magnificent sum of $35 a week as a secretary at my alma mater, Bryn Mawr. Later I was raised to $40 a week. Mother didn't mind my mooching off her, so I saved all of my salary plus the $100 a month allotment I got from Mac. I planned to bestow upon him all of this lucre when he came back home.

But it was to be a surprise. I wrote him that I was working and that I wanted to save money but that it was impossible since expenses were so high and because I had to buy clothes. He swallowed the story completely.

He came home to what he thought was a flat bank account, but I had managed to stow away $2300. I became very ingenious and thought of a great way of surprising him with the money. His favorite food is brussel sprouts so I cooked a big batch of them and put them in a jar. I then served them for our first dinner together. I slipped the check under a rubber band which I had put around the outside of the jar. I also added a note which read, "Darling, here's your welcome home present. I love you." He didn't see the check—although I didn't know that at the time—and he thought I was playing a gag on him. Brussel sprouts for a welcome home present! A fine thing! Very weakly, he thanked me, not wishing to appear rude. I was annoyed then because I thought his gratitude for a check of $2300 was pretty puny. Finally I said, "That's a fine way to thank a lady for giving you such a check!" He looked at me oddly and asked, "What check?" Then I showed it to him. We had a lot of laughs about that.

But to get to more up-to-date facts. I'm very frankly a great fan of my husband's. I think he's a fine actor. Not that I go around tossing bouquets at him all of the time. In fact, he likes me to criticize his work. When he asks for my opinion about a picture he's made, I tell him, but I never volunteer any remarks otherwise. Fortunately, Mac and I are relaxed enough with each other so that we can give frank opinions without getting into arguments.

When Mac goes into a picture, he brings home the script and we study it together. I'm as excited about scripts as he is. I play all of the parts except his and have a great time for myself. I'm especially pleased about "Now and Forever," formerly "Abigail, Dear Heart." We've both enjoyed working on the scenes. I guess there's still a bit of ham left in me after all—but, thank heavens, I never pursued my career after my marriage.

Mac hasn't changed too much. The only noticeable difference about him is that he is more gregarious than he used to be. He was the kind of a fellow before who stayed within himself. But I think that I've managed to bring him out of his self-imposed shell somewhat. He's done some revamping on me, too. I was once what I like to call a chattering extrovert. I'm considerably more subdued these days. So I guess I brought Mac up and he brought me down.

Mac and I get the most fun out of just being together. Not that we put a sign on our door, "No people allowed." We have been known to go night clubbing occasionally but not in the chi-chi way, and we have gone to parties. But here's where we're unique. We always leave such parties around midnight and then go out to have a bite to eat alone. We invariably wind up talking for hours and getting home around six in the morning. But that's the way we are—we just enjoy each other.

Mac is as wonderful a father as he is a husband. He's absolutely batty about our thirteen-months-old baby girl, Lynn. Since she was a week old, he's had none of the typical fatherly fears of handling the child or taking care of her. He has an alert, colorful imagination which kids like, but you'll never hear him talking "down" to them. There's none of this "Where did you get those big brown eyes?" stuff with Mac.

He's like all fathers in that he's forever buying Lynn something. Recently he got her a large double swing, even though she won't be able to use it for months. Last Christmas, I told him I'd bought Lynn a present from me and I asked him if he wanted me to buy something for her from him. "No," he said, "think I'll buy it myself." A few days later, he came home, beaming. "Well, I got Lynn a Christmas present," he said proudly. I asked him what he had bought and he said, "Oh, some records." After telling him I thought that was wonderful idea, I asked, "What kind of records?" For a minute he didn't answer and then very matter-of-factly he said, "Oh, an opera." I was speechless. I finally managed to blurt out, "An opera! But she's only thirteen months old!" To which Mac replied, "Well, she'll get older, and she ought to have good music around her. Besides, it's the new recording of 'Hansel and Gretel.'" I guess he had an argument there after all.

That's pretty much Mac's and my story. I think I've been a good wife to him. At least, I'd like to feel that if I should die and he married again, he'd miss me. And I honestly think I fit the bill as Mrs. MacDonald Carey better than anyone else. Mac says I do anyway Besides, since a man believes what you tell him to believe, why should I go around undermining myself?

Now don't get the idea that I like being Mrs. Carey just because Mac is an actor. Being in the limelight isn't all roses—keeping hold of your sense of values being the toughest job about our kind of life. But it is nice in another way: with all the glamor girls Mac works with, his technique certainly should be improved when he comes home!





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## Date Bait

Continued from page 43

ner, I like to have him order the dinner, the wines, etc. That way I can tell whether or not I want to go out with him again. However, a girl should never suggest places that are beyond the limits of his pocketbook. That's an important third point. Also try to be prompt. Don't keep a man waiting, particularly if it's a first date. You're likely not to be asked for a second one, if you do.

Lastly, don't talk about yourself all evening—or, what is even more important, your other boy friends. That's the Kiss of Death for any date!

As to my favorite "dates" they are quite varied and all fun. If I go out with Turhan Bey I can look forward to a wonderful musical evening at either a concert or an opera. With Michael North I don my dancing shoes because he always picks the best bands and the best dance spots. Cary Grant is another charmer. He has the flattering habit of speaking to you as though you were the only girl in the world—a great asset for any man to have—and he never forgets all those little courtesies which make you feel important. Another thing about Cary. He never forgets to send flowers the next day with a little note thanking you for a wonderful evening. I'll never forget my first date with Cary. I had admired him on the screen for so long when I was in college. Then, after I arrived in Hollywood, a mutual friend introduced us and he asked me to go to a party with him, the following week. I was terrified. I was sure I wouldn't know how to act—what to wear—what to say. Instead he made me feel that I was one of the most perfectly poised and well groomed women he had ever been out with. I'll never forget that.

With Peter Lawford, I can always count on an evening of informal laughs. They say that the English are not supposed to have a sense of humor. Well, that certainly doesn't apply to Lawford. He is filled with more pranks than a Marx Brother. One evening, after we had been to the Turnabout Theater, he insisted that we go to an all-night market for onion soup. He stuck on a mustache, posed as a Frenchman who couldn't speak English, and made me translate everything he said, which was all in double-talk. He wound up buying me a corsage of water cress and made me wear it home! Of course, these informal evenings are very rare and only occur when you know and like your escort as well as I do Peter.

There are a lot of men here in Hollywood a girl "dates" only once. These are the men who, like a well-known screen villain, drink too heavily, or who have the ability to make a large room seem awfully crowded—even with only two people in it! A smart girl only has to waste one evening this way and she knows how to say she's busy.

It's not altogether the fault of the Hollywood boys. The girls have helped to make them that way, let's face it. One of the reasons that the Hollywood "date" grove is so overpollenated is because the percentage of presentable, eligible and available men is so small. No bachelor is safe from either bobby-soxers or beldames. Consequently, the male citizens in these parts get overstuffed opinions of themselves. Since they have such a bevy of beauties to pick from, because the most attractive girls in the country seem to migrate here, the men can practically go out with whom they please every night. The average girl in the average American city or town stands a better chance of having a good time on a date than the typical girl in the film colony who has to cater to and swoon over the man who is hers for the evening

I gave up trying to act the part, dress the part and shine the man's shoes at the same time! If I have to do it, I'm going to do it in front of a camera, believe me. That's probably why so many people think it's the old bromide when I say I'm intent on a career and that I'm not interested in romance.

If I could find my ideal date, however, he would probably be right here in Hollywood. He would have to have Jimmy Stewart's boyishness, Robert Mitchum's physique, Mike North's dancing feet, Cary Grant's charm, Turhan Bey's polish, Van Johnson's grin and Gable's ears. But since no such paragon ever walked the face of this earth, you can possibly understand, kids, why I don't go out more often!

*Editor's Note:* Marilyn Maxwell's "date" with Mike North developed into real romance after this story was written. They recently announced their engagement.



Sydney Greenstreet has a smooth line on set with Rosalind Russell, even in front of her husband.

## Laughton Without the Leer

Continued from page 30

but would be more accurately described as red, and that stands out alively around a small face dominated by reddish-brown eyes. Husband and wife are alike in that their voices are soft and controlled and pleasant to listen to—an uncommon quality even among actors. And they have a way of giving you an unexpected, sweet smile. Yes, Charles too.

I tried to set the conversational ball rolling by telling them I had seen their latest Paramount picture, "The Big Clock," just before I left New York, and that I liked them in it. They seemed pleased enough, but had not seen the picture themselves. They had liked their rôles, they said. But the finished movie was for audiences, not for them. In fact, they see few movies. When they're not making pictures they're (a) puttering around their houses; (b) puttering around their gardens ("Gardening is satisfying, and restful, and I am much in favor of anything restful," Charles comments); or (c) working at their respective extra-curricular jobs. Charles' is his Shakespeare class and his readings and recordings. Elsa's is the Turnabout Theater in Beverly Hills.

Charles started to read to wounded servicemen during the war, found they liked the Bible and Shakespeare read aloud. Now he has a three-nights-a-week Shakespeare repertory theater. Anyhow, they're all "reading" like mad, to the beat of a metronome (the kind you used to practice piano to). The class has about fifteen members, culled from many hundred applicants. There's a waiting list *that* long. Ages range from the "baby" of eighteen to folks in their forties. Nobody has missed a session for anything less than Virus X or a studio call.

They don't advertise it, naturally, but the Laughtons' own favorite reading is Dick Tracy, and two early editions of the Sunday paper are bought late every Saturday night so there will be no argument over who gets the funnies first.

Elsa has only one free night—Monday. Other nights she is at the Turnabout, where she has been billed as "guest artist" since 1941. "Rather long to be a guest," she told me. But she won't permit the phrase to be omitted, because the three men who began the theater took all the risks, made all the plans and run the show now—and she refuses to horn in on the credit. The men are Yale Puppeteers Foreman Brown who emcees and writes all the material, Harry Burnett who is producer, puppet-maker and able actor, and Dick Brandon, who manages and helps puppeteer. Elsa is easily the star of the "live" show—for which the seats "turnabout" at the end of the puppet show so the audience faces a second stage at the opposite end of the theater.

"I was entranced when I saw the Turnabout Theater," I raved. "I guess I'm ignorant, because I have never seen anything like it before."

"Of course you haven't," she talked back to me. "There *isn't* anything like it anywhere."

I guess there isn't—not in the turnabout seating arrangement, in the revue numbers which are a melange of racy, satirical songs, with a plaintively romantic number thrown in for good measure (and done at that performance by Miss Lanchester). The seats are named instead of numbered. My tickets read Slow 'n' Easy, and I felt pretty smug because they hadn't given me Straight 'n' Narrow.

Free evenings are apt to be spent at some friend's house with Charles likely as not reading aloud to music. "Who plays?" I questioned. "Oh, anyone who happens to be there," he told me. "One night it was Yehudi Menuhin. He happened to be there."

They collect paintings, but aren't "arty" about it. They just naturally gravitate toward pictures they like. They own a fine Renoir, Judgment of Paris, temporarily lent to the Modern Institute of Art in Beverly Hills. Their Rousseau, Hand and Roses, hangs in the same gallery. They like Morris Graves and have some of his sensitive drawings. There's a painting too by Utrillo—a house—hanging prominently in their living room. They have some fine Oriental prints and old paintings on fabric, some pre-Columbian carved figures to scare the uninitiated. An Aztec stone man guards the entrance from the garden, and Charles patted it lovingly on its flat hard head. The house is livable and attractive, the expression of two people who have a multitude of interests and no set pattern in their lives.

Their garden has no set pattern either.



Fred Brisson, executive producer of "The Velvet Touch," seems to enjoy the gag, too.


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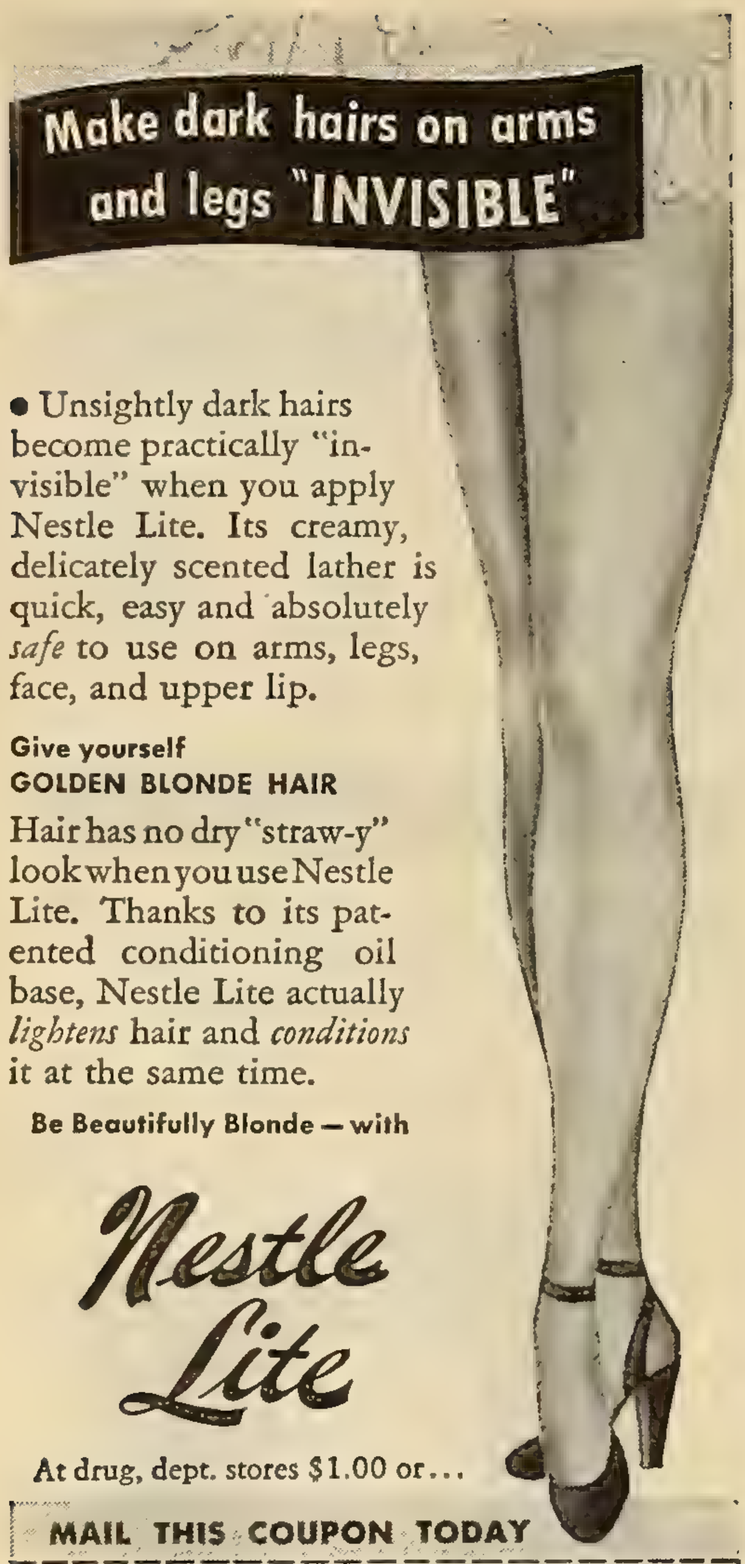
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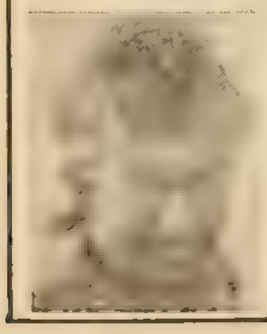
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It rambles around a semi-circular plot of grass shaded by huge old trees. You're warned not to go too near the edge of the treacherous palisade that overlooks the wide Pacific—in spite of my worried friends, no one suggested I jump off. But I couldn't help wonder why there was no restraining fence. There may be times, after all . . .

"We're country people," they tell you, and that's not a pose either. They don't like to live in cities and are happiest away from crowds. They grow camellias *this* big—handsome red and white ones. They eat outdoors in the back patio whenever it's warm enough.

for us in the twenty-four hours here. We each have our picture work and we each have an absorbing extra interest."

Charles is a top money-maker, so they can be choosey about their rôles. Elsa wanted to do the frizzle-haired artist in "The Big Clock" and the worshipful maid in "The Bishop's Wife," or she would have turned them down. Charles thoroughly enjoyed the bullying publisher *Janoth* in the "Clock" (the rôle is really a large economy size of one of those famous impersonations he does for intimates, so of course he liked it). He liked doing the sadistic judge in "The Paradine Case" and the Nazi *Haake* in



Academy Award winner Edmund Gwenn plays a professor who befriends Jeanne Crain and Bill Holden in 20th Century-Fox's "Apartment for Peggy," story of G.I. college student and wife.

We talked of London and New York, and I wondered if they had found it difficult to live in Hollywood. Charles had been east to do "Galileo" for the Experimental Theater in New York (his enthusiasm about that would make a separate story), but most of their living and working centers now on the West Coast. Were they finding that good for them? For their work?

"You're happiest when there isn't enough time in the twenty-four hours to get everything done you want to do," Charles explained it. (No wonder it's the "restful" aspect of gardening that appeals to him.) "There isn't enough time

"Arch of Triumph." Though whether either one of them will bother to see the finished movies is anybody's guess. (Charles was working on his German accent for *Haake* at the same time Elsa was practicing her accent for the rôle of a Russian baroness in a Republic musical, and they say the goings-on almost turned into an international incident.)

It's anybody's guess, too, how such un-Hollywoodish people are so completely content in Glamortown. It gave me something to wonder about as, driving home, I watched the sun set in appropriate Hollywood Technicolor across the darkening ocean.

## Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 38

Started." All proceeds from the sale go to the Bunny Berrigan fund. "Flip Flop" is on the flip, with some pip lip 'tween Billy and the 48's. A jumpin' little sumpin'. (Capitol)

COUNT BASIE: "Guest in the Nest," "Money Is Honey." The kid from Red Bank bakes another one for this rascal using the title of guest night on the "1280 Club," a follow-up to "Robbins' Nest," and it comes on, too, but like the 4th of this month! There's gushing by Jimmy Rushing on the back on a lusty blues kick. (Victor)

LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!—Nancy Walker and Original Cast—Look what I got got, Ma—that wonderful mad Broadway show all in one package, with Nancy Walker yet, hey, in this hilarious burlesque of ballet. There's "Shauny O'Shay," "Gotta Dance," "I'm the First Girl in the Second Row," "If You'll Be Mine," "I'm Not So Bright," "Little Boy Blues," "Tiny Room" and "I'm Tired of Texas." Aw, come on, Ma, it's my album. Give it back! (Decca Da-637)

DINAH SHORE: Bet Melissa's crying for "Crying for Joy" with every spoonful these days 'cause her mommy sure squeezes the pablum out of it. Billy Rose scribbled it and it's one of the best waxen attractions ever. Roll her over on her tummy—not the baby, Dinah!—for some easy rompin' fillips on "Little White Lies" that'll have you stroppin' your corns on the nearest hardwood. (Columbia)

BENNY GOODMAN: Hey! What's with B. G.? Whatta waste of shellac! This Art Mooney take-off on "Give Me the Good Old Days" with a backroom quartet, yet. If this is a satire, who needs it? "You Turned the Tables on Me" on the back pales by comparison with the original on Victor. Give me the good old days of the Goodman band. Murder! (Capitol)

HARRY JAMES: Oh, that Cole Porter! What terrific soft whitish mass within the skull has he—brain, I mean. Guy writes great songs like nothing. They're so caviar-like, these two beauts from "The Pirate," with Gene Kelly and Judy Garland. There's "Love of My Life" in beguine tempo with the almond shaped vocal glands of Marion Morgan and Harry's horn and Juan Tizol's trombone to put water on your kneecaps. The side behind has Marion and Vinnie De Campo trading oral passages on "You Can Do No Wrong" and C. P. sure can't. Like Hollandaise sauce! And don't miss Jesse James Daddy's "All the Way," which'll send you home and drop you right on the lawn. A panegyric stanza! Back is the English translation of Charles Trenet's big French hit, "Beyond the Sea," with Marion chirpin'. (Columbia)

PERRY COMO: The kid from Canonburg, Pa., coils his pulsating larynx around Cole's fresh phrases, too, and continues the process of softening you to a pulp. His cookie's for diggin', Harry's for dancin', but both are nice as chocolate ice. (Victor)

MARGARET WHITING: More nice *partisserie* from the throbbing thorax of my well-hyphenated doll, Maggie, whose kid sister, incident, you dig on the "Junior Miss" show. From "Casbah," to which this kid would go with her any time, comes "What's Good about Goodbye," and the answer is M. W. She's oh-so-very-very on the other cheek, too, Sue, namely and to wit, "Gypsy in My Soul"; but then this hearing flap could never be surfeited with Barbara's big sis. (Capitol)

ALSO EARWORTHY: Denny Dennis, the English singer who just joined Tommy Dorsey's gang, on "My Fair Lady" and "Just Naïve" (London); Kay Kyser's "Cincinnati" and "My Fair Lady," with Gloria Wood and Harry Babbitt; "Goodnight Sweetheart" with Snooky Lanson's original arrangement. "Suspicion," *avec* Ray Noble's patter all thru the platter, (Columbia); Peggy Lee's fresh album, "Rendezvous with Peggy Lee," and six enticing slicings, "Don't Smoke in Bed," "Stormy Weather," "Deed I Do," "Why Don't You Do Right," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Them There Eyes" (Capitol CC72); Dotty Shay's "The Sample Song," *tres* clever novelty; Frankie Carle's "Someone Cares," with fine pipin' by Nan Wright (Columbia); Mary Ann McCall waxin' potently on "Trouble Is a Man" and "Big Butter and Egg Man" (Columbia); Gordon Macrae's "Matinee" and "Feathery Feelin'"—Gordie in full tongue (Capitol); Martha Tilton's "I'm Not So Bright" and "That's Gratitude" with liltin' Martha comin' on like a malted (Capitol). And you gotta dig Ray McKinley's great band on "Arizay" and "Cincinnati," brace of "hard" novelties with a fresh flavor and savor (Victor); Tony Pastor's no slouch in that dept. either, viz. "At a Sidewalk Penny Arcade," tonsils of Rosemary Clooney and "Who Killed 'Er," from "Night Song," and they don't mean Cock Robin but the Black Widow. Incident, watch for a new Columbia short with Tony and F. R. (Columbia); Victor Young makes sparks with "Sabre Dance" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls," the "Massacre" and "Love Theme" from the pix, lush colorful wax (Decca).

### HOT!!!

CHARLIE BARNET FAVORITES: Geronimo! Let's jump! And you will to these six solid slicings by the Mad Mab in his first album ever. Cut by one of the "gonest" gangs C. B. ever led, you can dig half a dozen of his most famous trademarks, "Pompton Turnpike," "Charleston Alley," "Gal From Joe's," "Rockin' in Rhythm," "Southern Fried," "Little John Ordinary." Furrowed in the grooves are Bunny Briggs on great vocal riffin'; Jimmy Nottingham, Clark Terry and Joe Graves, trumpets; and Dick Shanahan, tuba; and of course the jumpin' soprano sax of Charley himself. Guy has consistently baked smash cookies all thru his remarkable career as composer, leader, showman and perfectionist and is one of the musical greats


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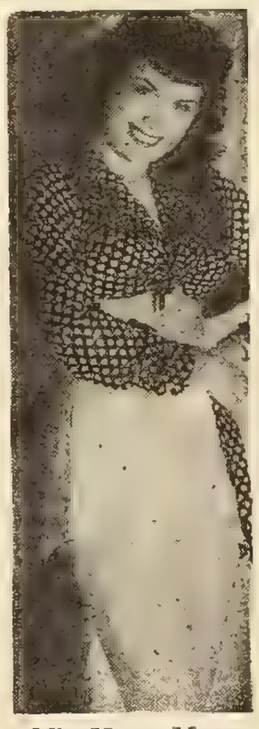
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of our generation. Better snap this sheaf up *molte allegro*, Joe. (Apolo)

ART TATUM: "Wee Baby Blues," "Corrine, Corrina." Hey! Reissue of the fabulous Tatum! Nuff said, Fred. There's Joe Turner on the front burner with those indigo tonsils givin' you a glow from a guy that's in the know. Edmund Hall's on clarinet and Lips Page on trumpet. (Decca)

STAN KENTON: Get out your bunsen burner and heat up your bongo! Here comes the Kenton gang to massage your sacro-iliac with a rhumba beat that'll put ice cream on your kneecaps—"Peanut Vendor"! Mop! All of which shows the Latin influence in modern jazz. Flip is a weird face that you've gotta dig about five times to get with "Thermopolae," loaded with all the special Kenton effects and chordal dissonances. Very interesting stuff. Paging Bartok and Hindemith! (Capitol)

GENE KRUPA: "After You've Gone," "Dark Eyes." You've been hurting for this reissue so hard Columbia went and rebaked it—I mean, that wonderful Roy Eldridge trumpet ride on "After You've Gone" that'll turn July into August and put beads of perspiration down your back, Jack. A masterful display of technique! Back is the Krupa jazz trio, with Teddy Napoleon on box and Charley Ventura on tenor. *Aw-cheechorny-ya* was never like this. Wow and double wow! (Columbia)

KINGS AND QUEENS OF BOOGIE WOOGIE: What a field day for you collectors this month! 'Cause this sheaf is another reissue that's been like 8 millimeter Kodachrome. There's Meade "Lux" Lewis, on "Monky Tonk Train Blues," and "Yancey Special," a tribute to an early B-W exponent, Jimmy Yancey; Pete Johnson's unrestrained "Blues on the Downbeat," and the groovey slow blues "Kaycee on My Mind." Albert Ammons southpaw'll kill you on "Boogie Woogie Stomp," Cleo Brown makes you "shake that thing" as you dig "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie," tribute to "Pinetop Smith," and Honey Hill knocks out her arrangement of "Pinetop's B-W" in a contrasting tempo. To complete the asphyxiation Dot Rice and Scrapper Blakwell, piano and guitar respect., grind out "Texas Stomp." Man, this is boogie woogie put to you with an old steam drill! Fat boogie woogie! (Decca album A 610)

## FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Whattsamatter! Aren't Mr. Donaldson's men in gray operating around your way. Lemme hear from you. Lay some linen on me. . .

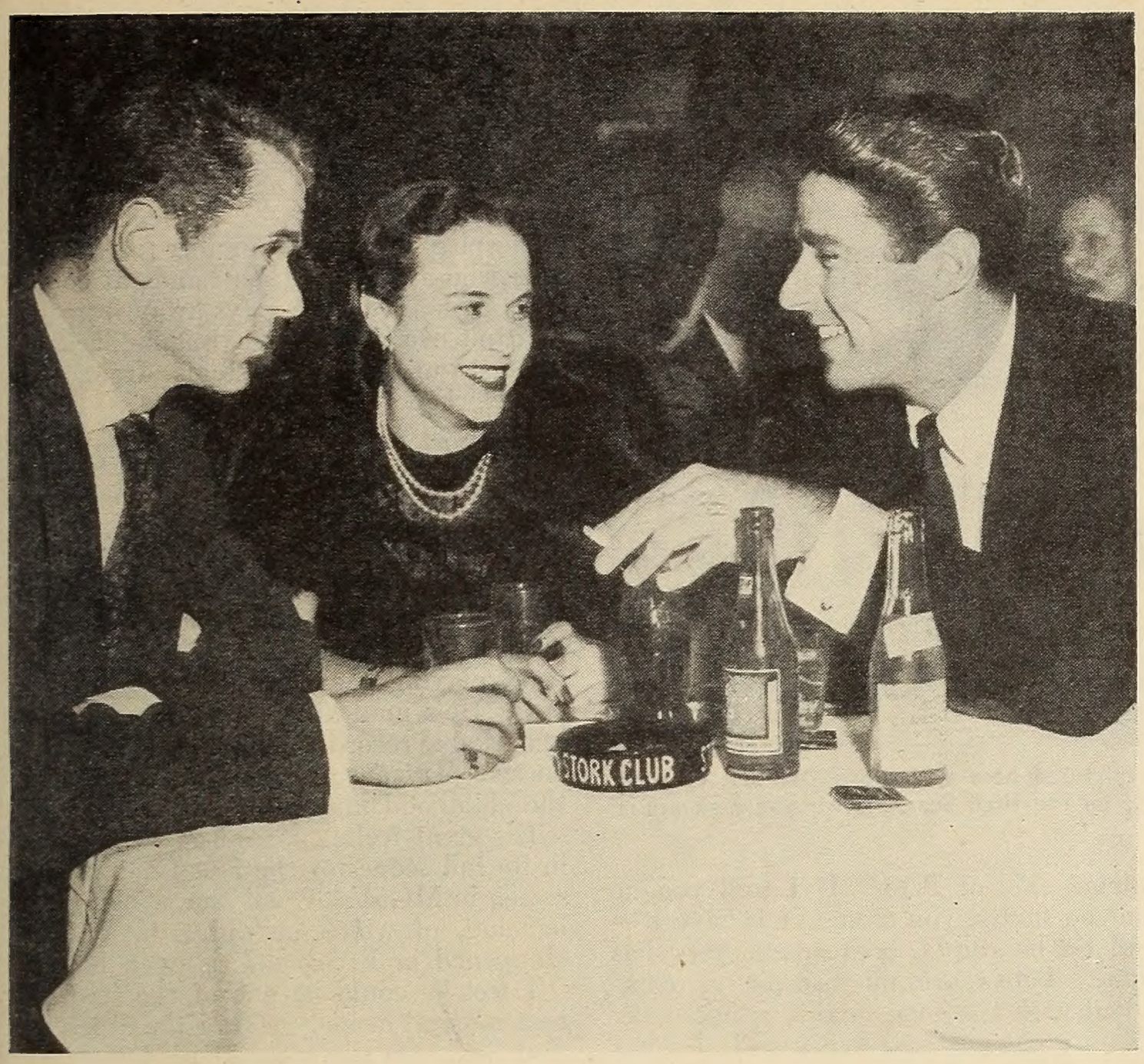
To Louise F., *Wilmington, Calif.:* Duke Ellington has one son, Mercer, who has a band of his own. . . Maxine Graefe, *Portland, Ore.:* Dave Street did some cookies for an independent company on the West Coast with the Mel Tones, Mel Torme's old group, or a group that used the name. . . Rita Casino, *Ridley Park, Pa.:* Lily Ann Carol is on her own, doing theaters, etc., and her freshest cookie is "Please Be Kind," with Charley Ventura, on a National label. . . Sue Rowan, *Ft. Worth, Tex.;* Jean Groner, *New Brunswick, N. J.*, Mary Speece, *Phila., Pa.*, Arlene Ammon, *Union, N. J.:* You four rascals who are knocked out by the "Velvet Fog," Mel's latest cookie is "Do It Again" and "Whoopee." He's doing night club work all over the country and by now is on the coast making another flicker for MGM. He's not hitched, but has big eyes for Cathy Downs and you can cop a pix by writing to Musicraft Records, N.Y.C. . . Frances Coplin, *Stateville, N. C.:* Tex Beneke's drummer is Jack Sperling. If you have a yen for singing, try starting with a local band, or on some local radio program. But make sure you've got talent. . .Laurence Beyer, *Mineral Wells, Tex.:* You're right, old man, Georgia Gibbs' thorax is "gone." She did a few sides for Artie Shaw under the name of Freda Gibson, which is the handle she used while on the Hit Parade. Her biscuit of "Ballin' the Jack" on Majestic is a "killer" . . . Evora Hicks, *N.Y.C.:* The record of "Love Locked Out" this kid sings with on the "1280 Club" is from a Paul Weston album, "Music for Memories" on Capitol. . James Hargreaves, *Lancashire, England,* and Cris Clyde, Jr., *N. Andover, Mass.:* Helen O'Connell married an ex-Navy flier but is waxing again on the "Coast" label Whether she'll resume her career entirely only Helen knows. Depends on how her records go

No more space to chin, Min, but we'll be diggin' you on the Columbia Record Shop every week and right here in August.

Address your letters to Fred Robbins, c/o SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



John Howard and Ruth Hussey, in "I, Jane Doe," take a stroll on the Republic lot.




Jackie Cooper and Peter Lawford team up for a date at the Stork Club, with Mrs. Lou Wasserman, wife of their agent, on their recent quick trip to New York.

## Pal Pete

Continued from page 23

plenty of guts and the gumption to meet a rugged situation. In the last several years things have been going well for him, but at seventeen he proved he could lick adversity. Until that time Pete had been brought up in a reasonable facsimile to the lap of luxury. Except for his one year of movie-making in London, he and his parents had traveled all over the world. He always had private tutors. The works!

Then in 1939 the Lawfords were visiting on Long Island when war was declared. British currency was frozen and they were unable to get funds from England. They bought a low-priced car and drove to Florida, because of his mother's health. And that's when Pete proved his mettle.

First he hitch-hiked back to New York for a fling at radio. Nothing happened. So he thumbed his way to Florida again where he convinced a skeptical real estate man he could manage a parking lot for $25 a week and tips. By the summer of 1941 he had saved $700! So the family turned the old car westward and came to Los Angeles, where Pete had made "Lord Jeff" four years before. (That second brief career also terminated abruptly when his voice started changing.)

Assured for his eighteen years, Pete managed to find an agent, but no movie jobs were forthcoming, so he took a job as a theater usher at $15 a week in Westwood and stuck with it until he finally had a nod from flickerville. I don't believe Pete ever will find it necessary to go back to ushering or parking cars, but if he did, I know he'd do all right.

Pete is smart about money. He's generous, but he saves, too, probably because he learned the value of dollars when most kids were having their first fling at spending them.

Many times Pete has said he doesn't plan to be married before he is thirty. I'm sure he means it, although marriage is an event I think no one, including Lawford, can predict. He has great respect for marriage, wouldn't enter into it lightly, and right now he's concentrating on his career. He feels he has a long way to go and must justify the faith his studio and his parents have placed in him. I think that's why he dates so many different girls rather than centering attention on one, which might cut into his concentration on work. And he works darned hard, going from one picture to another.

Pete likes to tell June that when he does marry he wants a girl just like her, which makes me feel pretty proud. He likes the way she takes care of me without being possessive—and also lets me take care of myself. He shies away from possessive females and those who demand constant attention and compliments. I've heard girls say he is the perfect escort, but non-committal; he never lets his dates know if he likes one more than another.

One time he said his Ideal Girl would preferably *not* be in the picture business. She must have a sense of humor and

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Mr. Homer Rockwell, SCREENLAND'S Publisher, is pictured here with Doris Day and Producer Michael Curtiz. Doris' first film, Warners' "Romance on the High Seas," is winning high praise.

wide interests, poise and intelligence. He would like her to be attractive, but not a sensational beauty. Well dressed, but on the conservative side in choice of clothes. Wear very little makeup. Like sports as well as social frills.

He doesn't mention shortcomings he would condone in his Dream Dame but I know he allows for them, for Pete's pretty honest about his own. He is always late, except for work. For everything else, one can always expect Lawford to be tardy. When he, June and I were going to San Francisco a few months ago, he offered to pick us up and drive to the airport. I telephoned him an hour ahead, but he was late anyway. We missed our plane, and only through good luck managed to get on the next one.

He's always chewing gum and pops it with the finesse of a bobby-soxer. (He tried to teach me, but I have yet to learn.)

It's almost impossible to get him awake in the morning. Whenever we have an early appointment I telephone him to wake him. He'll carry on a long phone conversation, then fall sound asleep again. And believe me, his disposition is far from sunny for an hour after he gets up. He wants a couple of cups of coffee—and to be left alone. Then about an hour later he likes breakfast, after which he snaps into the exuberant good humor, kidding and laughter that is the normal Lawford. (I can say this because my own disposition is *horrible* when I'm first awake!) Last summer June and I, Keenan Wynn and Peter spent many week-ends at Laguna. On Sunday mornings we'd never speak to Pete until after he had breakfast. It would have been useless, for he always had his attention on the funnies.

Pete is a procrastinator in letter writing. He isn't thoughtless, but he does run the limit of time until he picks up a pen. He also suffers from telephonitis. As soon as he walks in a house he always has someone he *must* call. Actually, he just likes to yak on a phone.

But these slight shortcomings are the human side of Peter. If I told you he had no faults, you wouldn't believe it—and I'd be stupid, because everyone has some. Pete's are microscopic as compared with the good qualities that make him a great guy and fine friend. He has the suavity and polish of a junior Ronald Colman and manners that could be an example for anyone, but this is no veneer. It's ingrained and real, backed up by thoughtfulness.

Pete is at our house several times a week. Our home is closer to the studio than his own, where he lives with his parents, so he often stops at Casa Cooper to clean up, after which the Coopers and Lawford have dinner, there or out somewhere. If either Pete or I has an early call the next day, the evening is over by 9 o'clock. On an average of two out of three times, Pete doesn't have a date. When he does it might be anyone from Hollywood's top glamor girl to some cute little studio messenger girl.

If we aren't working we go to movies, ball games, a stage play, to hear music—anything ranging from a symphony concert at the Bowl to swing as dished out by Slim Gaillard on the Strip.

Pete is a marvelous dancer, but subtle and rhythmic, not an exhibitionist. He loves to rumba and will go all over town to find a good rumba band.

Because we're both restless we don't like to go the same places too often nor stay anywhere too long. It's odd, but we both usually seem ready to leave at the same moment. The only place we can stay indefinitely is the beach, from 9 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon. Every day in the week, if we didn't have to work! Beach rats, I guess.

Pete plays wonderful tennis. I had always wanted to but didn't learn when I was young and was too impatient to take lessons until Pete offered to give them to me. He's a great teacher, too. In turn I was able to teach him something about horsemanship. He hasn't had time for me to get him interested in fishing and hunting, but I know he'd be good at them.

At football games we yell and scream like a couple of mad characters and eat hot dogs by the near-bushel. We go to the Friday night prize fights fairly frequently, often with Keenan and Sid Luft. (June urges me to get "out with the boys" now and then.)

Despite the great number of young men who are trying their hands at cooking as a hobby, Pete stays away from it; he can't even boil water, but his lack of interest undoubtedly stems from his bachelorhood.

Fortunately he seems to need only about six hours of sleep a night, because in addition to all his more active interests, and despite his restlessness, he is addicted to voluminous reading.

Pete doesn't like big parties, preferring the informality of a small group of people in casual clothes, sitting on the floor, playing games or listening to records. He's mad about music and has a remarkable record collection, although he doesn't play any instrument, because of the childhood injury to his arm.

His great feeling for music was shown in its full scope for the first time on the screen in MGM's "Good News." His tap dancing, of which he did a bit in "It Happened in Brooklyn," is even better.

I feel he could be one of the screen's best musical comedy stars if he stuck to that field. On the other hand, I say he's a fine dramatic actor. Pete is young and has played light young rôles with scarcely any scenes that were deeply dramatic, but long ago he proved he was an artist in "White Cliffs of Dover." What a future that guy has!

We like to go shopping, and could easily shop for each other because we wear most of the same kind of clothes. Unless the occasion demands a business or formal suit we both always wear flannel slacks in gray ranging from light to dark, a T-shirt, rather loud sports jackets, white wool socks and moccasin-type loafers. We even have the same man who comes to our homes, as well as to other friends, once a week for valet service, to press suits and shine shoes.

Pete is a very thoughtful guy, never forgets birthdays and spends effort and time on appropriate gifts, even for our baby. He always brings June flowers at least once a week, says he does it because he's there so much, but how many men remember, even if they are around every day?

He is consistently considerate of his parents. We had originally planned to go to San Francisco for a week-end which included his birthday. When he mentioned the fact at home, he gathered his mother and father were disappointed that he would be away for his natal day, so Pete asked June and me if we'd postpone our trip a week. He stayed home and celebrated his birthday with the elder Lawfords.

Our friendship, which started with just *doing* things together, has gone far beyond that state of mere *activity* largely because I guess we're both kind of sensitive. I've never had so close a friend. We've gone through worries together, fortunately minor ones, and I know if in a real crisis I needed a man to turn to I could depend on Pete. Lawford's okay for my dough, any time!

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All you fashion-wise lassies can pass the good word along...SUSPANTS is the thrilling new star of the "undie" world. It's goodby to girdles and garter belts! Just attach garters and you have an undie—with GARTER TABS—that suspends stockings wrinkle-free, and mysteriously hugs your waist whether you bend, twist or stand on your head. The secret is the new "pivot-point" bias pattern — which neutralizes, thus eliminating, all pull. Moreover, SUSPANTS exerts just enough figure control to make it the perfect accessory for evening and daytime wear—with or without garters. Featured at all leading stores... individually cellophane wrapped . . . in all colors, $1.50 and up.

JUNIOR MISS SIZES: 9 TO 17

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